

# THE CONTINENT

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TIGER TAIL, LATE CHIEF OF THE SEMINOLES.

## ISTÉ SEMOLI.\*

IN the southern portion of the peninsula of Florida, far within the swampy Everglades and Big Cypress, is living the remnant of a people who fought desperately for the lands which their ancestors claimed by the right of conquest, and who prefer to drag out, in pride and poverty, a mere existence in this least desirable portion of their once powerful domain, rather than trust the Government's promise of a better home, school-houses and riches, with a title in fee simple, beyond the Mississippi. The same mistrust and dread of exile which actuated those who refused to sign the treaty for removal in the times of Osceola and "Billy Bowlegs" haunt them to-day; but the period is not far distant when, through the rapid encroachments of the whites, they will be compelled to assimilate with them or accept expatriation—their much dreaded fate.

As they cling to their home, so do they to their primitive style of dress, ancient customs and religious rites. In fact, the Seminole in Florida to-day is the Seminole of fifty years ago. He is self-supporting, the Govern-

ment neither providing anything, nor exercising any control over him.

The Seminoles were originally Creeks, but, owing to continued misunderstandings, separated from the main body about the middle of the last century, and settled in the centre of the peninsula. They, at various times, adopted into the nation remnants of the Yemassee, Uchees and Micasaukies, until they had become a people, "numerous, proud and wealthy," and so continued while under the Spanish government. But when Florida became a territory of the United States, many difficulties arose between the white settlers and these Indians, until finally the Government decided that the easiest way to solve the problem was to remove them west of the Mississippi.

An attempt to enforce this brought on a war, which lasted seven years, costing us sixty millions of dollars and the lives of nearly two thousand men. Those who were not captured, and would not surrender, fled farther south, and were permitted to remain in peace until the continued encroachments of the whites brought about what is known as the Billy Bowlegs War, when he

\* Persons wild—Seminoles.

and many of his followers were captured and sent to join their brethren in the West.

Tiger Tail, Tustenugga and old Chitco, with a few followers being still at liberty and refusing to surrender, fled into the very heart of the Everglades, where many of them with their descendants still continue to live, asking for nothing but to be "let alone."

Their numbers are variously estimated at from four to six hundred, which are divided among several villages, the main body living in the Big Cypress Swamp, near the head-waters of the Ock-holoa-couchie.

It was early one morning in March, after an unusually dry winter, that the Doctor and I, fully equipped, accompanied by Eph, who was to make himself generally useful, stepped into our boat with the intention of visiting these people in their central stronghold. Our start was made from the shanty of one of the last settlers on the Caloosahatchie, about twenty-five miles above Fort Myers.

We rowed all that day up this, the second largest navigable river of Florida, whose sluggish waters offered but little resistance as they flowed in their serpentine course through a luxuriant growth of semi-tropical foliage on their way to the Gulf. Alligators, lazily basking in the sunlight, slid noiselessly into the water, and water-turkeys darted into the river to raise their snake-like necks among the lilies and bullrushes, and stare at us as we passed. We camped

that night on the former site of Fort Deynaud, the location of which we never should have known, save upon the map, but for a tall cypress tree that had been blazed by the cattle-hunters to mark the memorable spot.

As we proceeded the next morning the river grew narrower and narrower, and the overhanging branches of huge live oaks, covered with Spanish moss, came nearer and nearer, until meeting overhead they formed a perfect bower. Then sand bars and fallen trees obstructed the channel, over and around which we were compelled to work our way. As we neared the rapids at Fort Thompson the country began to expand into a beautiful prairie of six or eight hundred acres, covered with a luxurious growth of tall grass. This prairie is

geographically known as Lake Flirt, but is only covered with water about six months of the year.

Landing a short distance below the rapids we shouldered our rifles and started for the trading post. On the way we passed by the ruins of Fort Thompson. A few charred stumps of the palisades are all that remain to show where once stood one of the most important stations of the Indian wars. We were made exceedingly

welcome by Clay, the trader, who apologized for his stock in trade by informing us that he had been waiting some weeks for the arrival of a cargo of goods from Key West; his present stock consisting of whisky, guava jelly and a few quinine pills. We had just completed arrangements for the hiring of his oxen and cart, and were talking over the possibility of reaching the Indian village, when we heard the bugle-like tones of the cattle call, and shortly after a party of six Indians, with two ponies carrying enormous packs, emerged from under a grove of huge live-oaks to the north of the river. Their packs consisted principally of buckskins and raw-

hides, with a few pots and kettles attached, which kept up a continual clatter as they approached.

Their dress was uniform and rich in color, and their silver ornaments and brass mountings of their long Kentucky rifles shone brilliantly in the sunlight. On going out to meet them we were greeted with a hearty shake of the hand and a "how d'y." They were good specimens of physical development, graceful and active, of medium height, with broad shoulders and swarthy complexions. Their dress consisted of a tight-fitting "hickory" or horse-spun hunting-shirt, belted at the waist with a band of rawhide, from which hung a long sheath-

knife. Their coarse, black hair was shaven from the sides of the head, excepting just above the temples, and a crest on the crown that terminated in a carefully-braided scalp-lock at the back. Enormous turbans, extending the width of their shoulders, and each formed of several bright red shawls, savored strongly of the Orient; powder-horns and rawhide pockets slung from their shoulders completed their attire. They were Big Cypress Indians, and were returning from a visit to the Creek band, near Lake Istok-poga.

Here was our opportunity. While they were removing the packs from their ponies, preparatory to camping for the night, the Doctor informed Tommy, the medicine man, of our desire to accompany them to their village. After this they obstinately refused to talk



THE BIG CYPRESS.

"Isté-hatka (white man's) talk," and, pretending not to understand, kept up quite an animated conversation among themselves in their native tongue. Finally Clay convinced them that we had no connection with the authorities at Washington, and had come a long way to make a friendly visit. To this Tommy said, "Hint-lostchay!" (good), and extended a very cordial invitation to "go Big Cypress, eat heap Injun's su-cah and chok-see" (pig and pumpkins).

All the necessary arrangements having been made for an early start, we returned to our boat, and, after removing our packs, sunk it, to protect it from the rays of the sun.

We were just seated to enjoy our morning repast, when Tommy appeared, followed by his five companions, and being invited to partake, all squatted upon the ground. The way our coffee, bacon and biscuit disappeared caused us no little alarm, until exclamations of "heap full!" told that the feast had ended, and "heipus-tchay" (I go) that we must prepare to follow. Shortly after the caravan moved forward in true Indian style, Tommy taking the lead, followed by his five bare-legged companions, the Doctor and myself; Eph\* driving the oxen, with the ponies attached to the tail of the cart, brought up the rear.

Our course now was by the Indian trail, in a south-southeasterly direction, over prairies, through pine-woods and palmetto thickets, a section of land that is entirely submerged during the rainy season. We had just entered the pines, and were slowly moving to the clatter of the pots and kettles jostled about in the cart, as it bounced over the roots of the saw palmetto, when an exclamation from Eph, dire and deep enough to shake the tops of the tallest trees, discovered to us that the tire had dropped from one of the wheels. We dispatched him in all haste, mounted upon one of the Indian ponies, and he returned an hour later, accompanied by Clay and the necessary implements. We began in earnest to repair the damages, while the Indians seated, dignified, and in a semi-circle, looked on with characteristic stoicism.

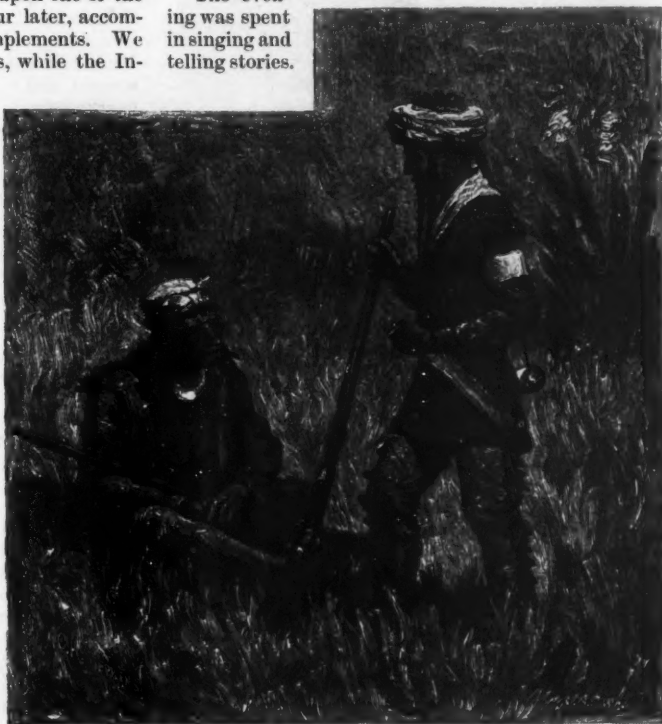
Dinner over, and all in readiness, the caravan again moved forward to the tune of the pots and kettles. At sunset we camped on the border of a large "gator" pond, and were joined shortly after by three of the Indians, who had left the trail to hunt for "e-chaw" and "pinnee-wah," and were successful, for they brought back a deer and a turkey, which replenished our commissary department to such an extent as to relieve us of all anxiety for the remainder of the journey. We were lulled to sleep early in the evening by the "Ump, ump, ump!" of the alligators, to awaken the next morning and find our oxen gone. An inquiring look at one of the Indians elicited the remark, "Hul-pit-tah (alligator) he eatum." This proved to be only an Indian joke, for shortly after we saw Eph approaching, leading the oxen, they having dragged the tether-stake from the ground and wandered off during the night.

About mid-day we reached the saw grass bordering on the Big

Cypress, and were compelled to abandon the cart until our return. So while we were fastening our packs upon the oxen the Indians put on their leggings and moccasins as a necessary protection. We entered a narrow trail; the serrated blades of grass, six and seven feet high, pulled and tugged at our clothing as we brushed by, until we came to the Big Cypress—a damp, dismal-looking swamp, with such a dense and tangled growth of vegetation that it almost totally excluded the rays of the sun. Stumbling over cypress knees, sinking into soft black mud and splashing through slime-covered pools, we dragged our oxen after us, as we threaded our way between tall cypress trees; now to emerge upon a pine ridge, or an island of live-oak, and again plunging into the loathsome swamp. About dusk we came out upon a prairie, dotted here and there with clumps of palmetto thicket; beyond this prairie, in the pine-woods, lay the Indian village; darkness overtook us, but the glimmer of camp-fires and barking of dogs, as they came bounding toward us, told that we were nearing our destination.

Tommy led us to one of the fires, around which were seated several men, women and children. While the warriors welcomed us, the women spread bear-skins for us to sit upon, and busied themselves broiling venison and baking coontee cakes for our refreshment. We had been seated but a short time when those of the population who had been informed of our arrival surrounded us. The old men were exceedingly sociable and very entertaining, but the young warriors were dignified and reserved, and the women, being very shy, kept well in the background. They were wild and picturesque in the extreme, and were made doubly so by the light of the fire as it brought them into strong relief against the background of darkness.

The evening was spent in singing and telling stories.



A CONSULTATION.





A SEMINOLE LADY.

Charley E-math-la, an old Indian, related an amusing incident, which was decidedly at their own expense; but their hearty laughing showed a keen appreciation for the humorous side of the story. It was told in jargon, supposed to be English, but was really a mixture of Seminole and very bad English, slightly sprinkled with Spanish. The substance of the story was this: Charley, with some others, was one day quietly paddling down the river on their way to the trading post at "Fortie Myer," when they came to a wire crossing the stream (the continuation of the Havana cable crossing the Caloosahatchie about fifteen miles above Fort Myers). This was something beyond their comprehension, and the order, "Starn all!" or whatever may be its equivalent in Seminole, brought the expedition to a stand-still. What could it be, this mysterious line reaching across the silent river and disappearing in the dark forest on either bank? Landing, they followed it two or three miles to the north, returned and followed it to the south, and, much bewildered, sat down, and talking the matter over, concluded that the white man had placed it there to mark the boundary of the Indian country; so they dare not venture beyond. There they remained in a very unsettled state of mind until a party of cattle hunters who came up the river explained that it was a "talking wire," and need not concern them.

It required much coaxing and several songs from Eph to induce Billy Tustenugga, a young warrior, to sing. The air, which we heard many times after, was a particularly favorite one, and ran thus:

*Andante con spirito.  
sva below ad libitum.*

1. Che-wan-a-tar-ky ah - pe - a - te, Che-wan-a-tar-ky ah -  
2. O - po - a - tar-ky ah - pe - a - te, O - po - a - tar-ky ah -

- pe - a - te, Che - wan-a-tar - ky ah - pe - a - te } Hol-a-  
- pe - a - te, O - po - a - tar - ky ah - pe - a - te }

- wa - ti - lo - un-a - pe - ah-ka - te. O! Hi - e-ton,

Hi - e-ton, Ugh! Hi - e-ton, Oe - sis - a - o-o.

We slept that night in a vacant shanty that had been assigned us, and where our packs had been deposited early in the evening. In the morning we discovered that the village or settlement was composed of some thirty shanties, scattered about singly or in groups of three or four each, half a mile intervening in many cases. They were carefully constructed of four posts, that supported a slanting roof covered with palmetto leaves, and open on one or all sides; the furniture consisted of a platform of logs raised two or three feet from the ground, and extending the width and length of the structure. From under the roofs and near by, upon limbs and poles stretched from tree to tree, hung fawn-skins filled with honey, bladders, pots and kettles, demijohns, rawhide bags, leggings, blankets, and all kinds of female apparel. Chickens and pigs meandered around, and a host of dogs and naked children frolicked everywhere. The men were preparing to hunt or work in the field, and the women were busy cooking, dressing skins or washing coontee-root.

The women were exceedingly neat and clean, evidently taking great pride in their personal appearance. They were of medium height and well proportioned. Their luxurious growth of raven-black hair was gracefully tied in a knot on the crown of the head and "banged" in front. They wore tight-fitting jackets, and two or three skirts of different lengths, the inner one reaching to the ankles, while the outer came only to the knees. Their jackets, which were short, did not meet the skirts by two or three inches, thus leaving exposed a belt, so to speak, of unadorned Seminole; around their necks were strings upon strings of large blue and white beads, completely covering their shoulders and extending upward to the chin; numerous silver ornaments and soft buckskin moccasins completed their attire. The dress of the old women was somewhat similar, but not so elaborate, while that of the children under twelve was limited to a string of bright-colored beads.

We had been stirring about but a short time, when a dignified old Indian, whom we had not seen the night before, approached and introduced himself. "Me Tiger Tailie; heap big officer under Osceola." He was a noble specimen of an old warrior, a veritable "Chingach-gook," about six feet in height, well-proportioned, with a countenance striking and prepossessing. About his head was bound a bright yellow bandana, from under which straggled his iron-gray hair, gracefully



covering his shoulders. Though past eighty years, there were few outward signs of advanced age, and, being still agile, he hunted for deer and did his share of work in the corn-field. As chief, he seemed to command the respect of all the Indians, young and old. This was Tiger Tail, the old veteran, who had fought so desperately in the two wars to retain the tithe of lands on which he and his people were living. Since our visit the fine old fellow has gone to the "happy hunting-grounds" of his fathers.

Accompanied by the old chief, we visited several of the fields, situated some distance off in the rich hummock land, where they had cultivated extensive patches of ground, in which were growing corn, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, beans and sugar-cane, with a few banana plants and orange-trees. It is a pleasant characteristic of Seminole life that the labor of the field is equally divided among the men, women and children.

From the fields we went beyond to a group of shanties, and being invited to "hum-pit-tchay" (eat), we gathered with others about the mutual pot of "sof-gah" (thin stew of meat and rice), in which was placed an enormous wooden spoon. Streetee Parker, a sub-chief, and father of the household, presiding, seized the spoon, stirred vigorously, and, partaking, passed it to his handsome daughter, Mrs. Sammy Billy, who also

partook and passed it to her neighbor; and so on until it had completed the circle. I like "sof-gah," but prefer it on the European plan. Next came venison-steak, served on the end of a long skewer stuck in the ground, at the base of which were heaped sweet potatoes just as they had been raked from the ashes.

Beside the yield of their gardens, they depend largely upon the "ah-hah," or china-brier, and coontee-root, both of which furnish them with large quantities of farinaceous food. Fish and game are abundant, and these, with their live stock of cattle, pigs and chickens, keep their larders well supplied. At the traders' their deer-skins, raw-hides and surplus stock of cattle are given in exchange for tobacco, sugar, coffee, calicoes, powder, and the few implements and cooking utensils they may require. So their wants, which are few, are well supplied, and all that the Seminole asks is to be allowed to enjoy his swampy solitude undisturbed.

Our visit extended over several days, and when we departed we were escorted in safety to the trail beyond the Cypress. Many times I met these people as they paddled their canoes to and from the trading-post, and found them ever kind, generous and hospitable, and surely they are deserving of a better fate than that which threatens them in the not far distant future.

CHARLES H. STEPHENS.



A TRADING POST.

### UNFULFILLED.

WITHIN a poet's heart a song  
Throbb'd wild and sweet the whole day long;  
Yet ere he sang age came and stole  
The music of his tuneful soul.

An artist felt the impulse fine  
To paint a masterpiece divine;  
Yet while he dreamed years passed away;  
Death knocked upon his door one day.

A rapt musician by the sea  
Pondered a mighty symphony;

Yet with him in his grave it lies—  
Mute are its wondrous harmonies.

O thou who, in thy secret heart,  
Dost nurse some life-long dream of art,  
Be wise to-day! Essay thy might!  
Make large with toil the hours of light!

Lo! o'er the landscape dim and brown,  
How silently the night comes down!

ROBERTSON THROWBRIDGE.

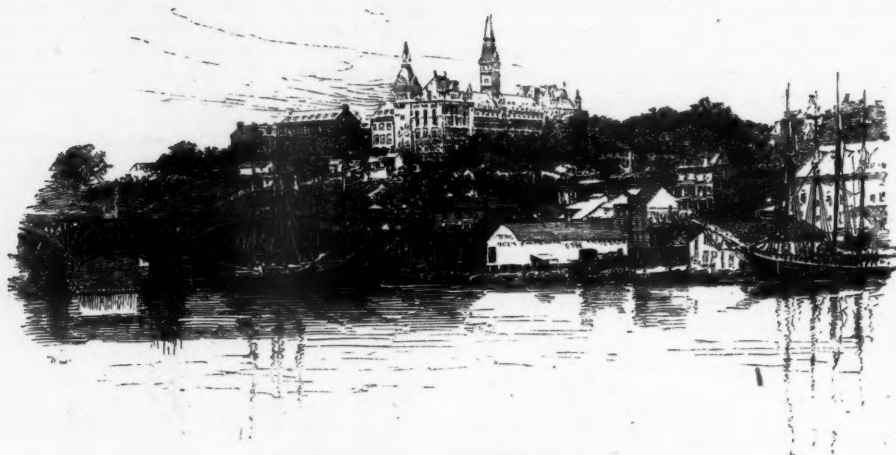
## AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

UPON the crest of one of the hills that rise, slope after slope, to the west of the old city of Georgetown stands an old college of the Jesuits. The site is one of unrivaled beauty. The grounds cover an area of one hundred and seventy acres, comprising the most beautiful woodland heights and valleys of the region. The receding hills are crowned with their primitive forests of oak and chestnut, and at the foot of College Hill itself flow the rapid waters of the Potomac, which, though long released from their rocky fastnesses, have not lost the swiftness of a mountain stream. Along the further shores lie the Virginia Hills; nearly opposite is Arlington, over which the flag is ever seen waving as

enthusiastic botanist, who, in these undisturbed nooks, increases his collection of the district flora by at least three distinct species, found nowhere else, to the truant school-boy, who studies nature on the sly.

Our New England institutions of learning, and those springing from them throughout the country, are essentially different from anything in the Old World. "American" has come to signify a type peculiar to ourselves. The survival of European characteristics in the Catholic University of Georgetown is all the more interesting because of its rarity.

Having its beginning in the first Catholic colony of the New World, the interests of the college have ever been



GEORGETOWN COLLEGE FROM THE RIVER.

gladly and brightly as though it marked not the resting-place of thousands of the country's dead; and, further on, a film of smoky haze but partially obscures the spires and roofs of Alexandria. To the left lies Washington, crowned by the marble Capitol, standing in dazzling relief against the more distant Maryland hills. Close at hand, creeping up to the very gates of the college, are the old streets of Georgetown, and the Heights, famous in history and in story, where still are seen the ancient houses that were the scenes of stately revelry in that "olden tyme," when every man was brave and every maiden fair. On the slope of an adjoining hill stands the many-gabled cottage of the novelist, Mrs. Southworth. The western boundary of the grounds has been recently extended to take in the land on which stood, not long ago, the old "Decatur Cottage," where for many years lived, and, in 1860, died, the widow of Commodore Stephen Decatur.

The rare good taste that has left the large grounds much in their natural state merits the gratitude of student and visitor. Through them wind the walks, a mile in length, lined by overhanging trees, that afford a grateful shelter from the southern sun. Slight rustic bridges are thrown over the little stream that threads its way through the wood, and foot-paths wind in and out, made by strollers of every class, from the

allied with those of the society in the Old. Its founder, John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore, was the grandson of a Catholic gentleman, who, with his two sons, emigrated from Ireland and joined Lord Baltimore's colony in 1680. He had been one of the ministers of James II, and had lost vast estates because of his fidelity to the Roman Church. He was made Judge and Register of the Land Office under the Proprietary, and was also agent and receiver of rents for Lord Baltimore. The family became influential in the young colony, and their name is inseparably connected with the early history of the nation. The eldest son, Charles, became the father of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The younger, Daniel, was the father of Archbishop Carroll.

Daniel Carroll was a gentleman of education and culture. His wife had been educated in France, and it is no wonder they sought for their young son better advantages than the school of their faith in this country afforded. From the little academy of the order in Bohemia Manor, Maryland, the boy was sent, at the age of twelve years, to St. Omer's, a school established in French Flanders for the education of the Catholic youth of England, debarred from schools at home unless they renounced their faith.

It was an eventful step in the life of the young boy,

as it also proved to be in the history of the Jesuit interests in America. Twenty-seven years passed before he returned, a mature man of forty, saddened and chastened by the misfortunes of the society to which he had allied himself, to follow his sacred vocation in his native country. In a little church which he himself built at his mother's home near Georgetown, Father Carroll pursued the duties of his priesthood until 1776, when he was called upon to take part in the stirring scenes of the Revolution. He was known throughout the country for his outspoken devotion to the cause of the colonies, and his able and earnest eloquence was depended upon to induce the Canadian Government to aid them, or, at least, to remain neutral. At the request of the Continental Congress, he went to Montreal with its delegates, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Carroll and Samuel Chase, upon a fruitless mission, and nothing remained for him but to return home and henceforth aid, by his counsel and advice, the struggle for independence.

In 1789 he was appointed the first Bishop of Baltimore, and about the same time accomplished his sole ambition—the founding of an institution of learning in Maryland. Two years before he had dispatched to friends in England a petition for funds for this purpose, but the needed assistance was never obtained. During the early part of the seventeenth century, the missionaries belonging to the Society of Jesus had acquired large estates in Maryland under the "conditions of plantation," which entitled every settler who brought five able-bodied men into the province at his own expense to two thousand acres of land; and these possessions were increased by donations from the Indians for building churches and supporting priests in the Indian nations. This property had been, since the suppression of the society in 1773, held by a corporate body under the title of the "Catholic Clergy of Maryland," and it was determined to apply some part of the income derived from these lands—the only support of the members of the society in this country—to this purpose.

The site was selected and the erection of a modest building begun. This was two years before Washington was selected as the seat of government, and Bishop Carroll's most sanguine hopes could hardly have added this as a possible advantage to be considered in placing the school.

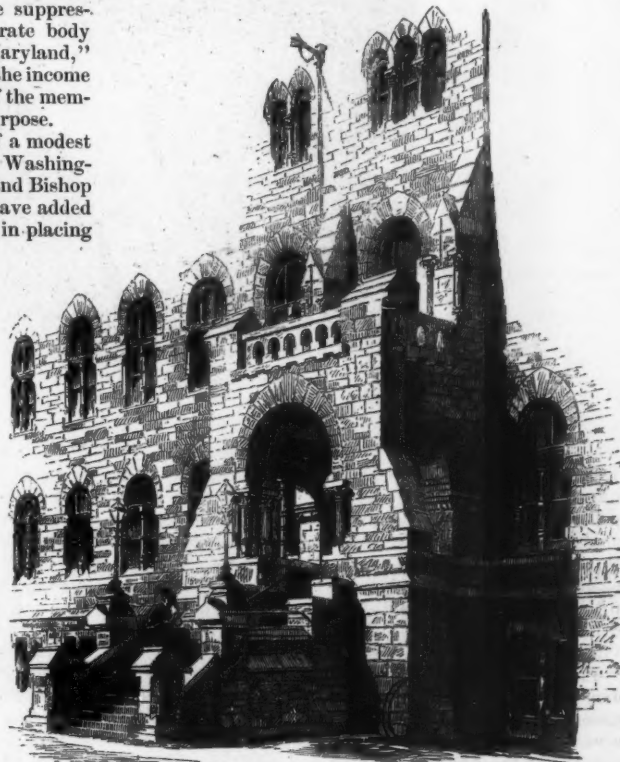
The college was opened in 1792. The first president was the Rev. Robert Plunkett, and the first pupil upon the rolls was William Gaston, the eminent jurist and statesman of North Carolina; his name is still shown, carved in rude school-boy text upon the wooden jamb of a window in the old building. Another member of this class was Benedict Fenwick, afterward bishop of the Catholic see of Boston. The college may well point with pride at its roll, containing, as it does, the names of men eminent in every profession, from nearly every state in the Union. The success of the undertaking was such as to require another building for the accommodation of the pupils. Protestant and Catholic alike looked with favor at the young college, and availed themselves equally of its advantages. Much interest was manifested in all quarters.

A legend of the college is that in 1797 General Washington rode unattended to the gate, dismounted, and, hitching his

horse to the paling, entered the college, to be welcomed not only by the reverend father in charge, but by a poetical address from one of the pupils. Be this as it may, the records of the college show that he and many of his successors visited the college commencements and conferred the medals and diplomas upon the graduates.

The observatory was erected in 1843, a year after the erection of the National Observatory at Washington. It surmounts a little knoll to the westward of the college, and is a prominent object viewed from the river, with its revolving dome for the equatorial telescope and two apartments on each side for the transit and other instruments connected with astronomical research. If not the most completely equipped of observatories, it still has the honor of having been presided over by the most famous astronomers the country has known. In 1848 the revolution in Italy exiled to this country many priests, whose name have become famed in the annals of science and discovery. Among these was the astronomer of the Roman Observatory, De Vico, who, with Sestini, another astronomer whose name is familiar to students, conducted the observations at the college for some years. He was accompanied in his exile by Father Secchi, the famous physicist, who afterward succeeded him as astronomer at Rome, and to whom the world owes so much for his indefatigable observations on the spectra of the fixed stars. Father Secchi is described as a deep-browed Italian, with massive features, like those of Daniel Webster.

From this time until the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion, the increase and prosperity of the college



CENTRAL PORCH—NEW BUILDING.

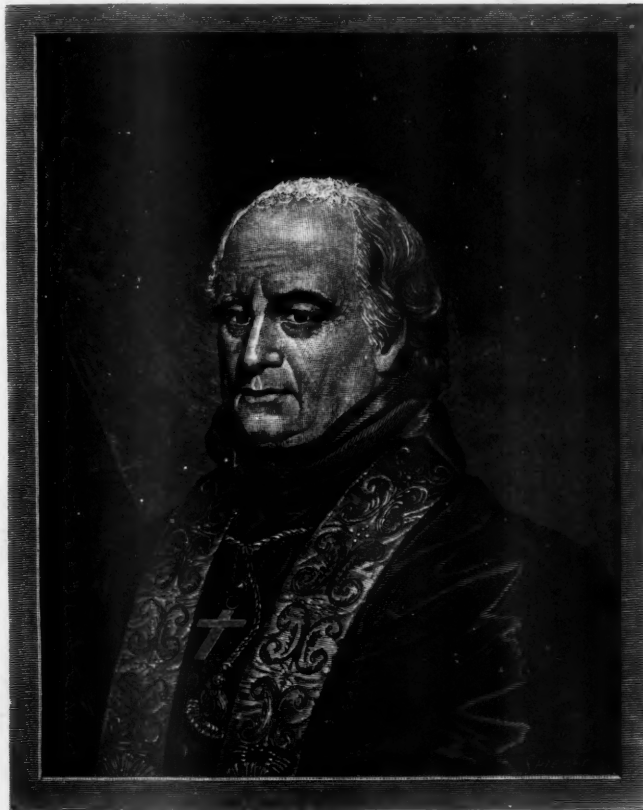


was unexampled, under the vigorous and energetic supervision of the Rev. B. A. McGuire, the eloquent pulpit orator.

On the fall of Sumter it was impossible to repress the excitement of the students, and in forty-eight hours two hundred were speeding northward, westward, southward to their homes, leaving but one-third of their number behind. Even these were for a time wild with the exciting events that crowded upon their quiet.

The president, Rev. Mr. Early, placed the resources of the college and the use of the observatory instru-

hospital, and the school routine was again interrupted. Still, so perfect was the school discipline that it was found possible to continue the education of nearly one hundred students who remained at the institution during the years it was so occupied. Many a veteran who languished in hospital ward and convalesced under the shade of the grand old trees he decorated with his name will recall the many incidents that served to enliven invalid life; the unfortunate music teacher, who, forgetting the password, climbed the college wall, only to be arrested on the other side by the sentry and confined



THE MOST REVEREND JOHN CARROLL, D. D.

ments at the disposal of the Federal officers sent to the Heights to locate sites on the Virginia side. The boys, most of whom were from the South, were drawn up in ranks on each side of the driveway as the officers rode away, and, at the word from their young leaders, gave three rousing cheers for "Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy." Many of them still remember the surprised silence in which they broke their ranks as the captain turned in his saddle, and, smiling, exclaimed: "Hurra, boys, hurra! I was once a boy myself!"

The buildings were given up as barracks for the daily arriving troops, and professors and students confined themselves to the smallest possible accommodations for several months, and kept up their scholastic exercises among the bustle of parade and drill, and the novelty of military rule. Hardly were they freed from this when the sadder emergencies of war turned the college into a

in the guard-house, his confused stuttering being taken as indications of fear and guilt; the delight of his pupils at his discomfiture and their own liberty; the horse-racing around the grand campus after the day's parade; the confusion and terror when the burning of a dwelling on the Virginia side, in the middle of a dark night, convinced all that the enemy was at hand; the insubordination of the whole hospital when a nearer fire, between them and Washington, aroused the convalescents to the fear that the Capital was attacked and they were needed for the rescue; the ignominious drumming-out which followed any transgression of the careful discipline that rendered even a soldiers' hospital no improper place for young boys to while away their leisure and beguile the tedium of the soldier's sick bed.

The erection of a new building in addition to those already standing was determined upon, and the archi-



AN INTERIOR ANGLE.

arch and the sculptured capitals tell us that we have a specimen of Rhenish Romanesque, that type that reached its highest development in conservative Germany, and flourished side by side with the early Gothic.

Like all good architecture, it is built upon essential principles of construction; the building forms the style which is its dress and adornment, not the style the building. Standing without, an architect can follow the interior plan from story to story by the arrangement of windows and courses. Here, in this corner of the court, is a difficulty of support and light cleverly avoided by throwing across an "arch of discharge;" there you can see where the stairway mounts, window by window, in the tower.

Surely nothing could be better chosen for this Old World college. It speaks to us of the early churches, the glories of Worms, Speyer and Mayence; of the castles of feudal barons and of Norman chateaux. It is the type selected by the Jesuit fathers in Europe for their col-

leges and academies of learning. There are four specimens in this country, St. Mary's Catholic Church in Boston being the principal example. The stone is well chosen for the demands of the style. Blue gneiss from the upper Potomac, cool in tone, is contrasted with soft gray Ohio free-stone and finely-cut blue-stone from the Hudson.

The balancing of the masses in the building shows the taste of the architect. On the left is a square pavilion, containing the library, the scientific lecture-room and laboratory, and adjoining this a tower surmounted by a belvedere, from which can be seen the outspread cities of Washington and old Georgetown, and the blue waters of the Potomac broadening and widening as they leave the narrow channel and trend toward the ocean; on the right is the Aula Maxima, or Commencement Hall, the Museum, the reception-rooms and grand portal. Between the two, and supporting in the middle a slender clock tower, runs the curtain-like front, its monotony to be relieved by a central portico of excellent design, to be called the "Scholar's Porch." The roof-line viewed from the river, well marked against the western sky, is remarkably pleasing and picturesque in effect. The same principles of design are carried out in the interior. The rooms on the main front open out from long vaulted corridors, with cylindric arches, the niched windows on the other side of the corridor opening on the court. All features of construction are plainly displayed. Carved beams and capitals, turned wooden columns and brackets, where bay-oak and Southern pine are brought into charming contrast; corbels of chiseled free-stone and massive stone stairways lend variety.

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A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY, WITH LORD BALTIMORE'S TABLE.

The air of the place is of seclusion and studious quiet. Were it not for the newness of everything here we might expect to see a file of monks pass down these aisles, and hear the chanting of the "Benedictus" borne through the open windows. The fathers, passing and repassing in their black gowns and beretti, seem much more a part of the scene than the noisy crowds of American boys who scamper up and down the stairways, clamor in the court and meet one at every turn. Wherever they are, however, be sure the black-robed father will not be far away—sitting upon a stone at the edge of the campus; directing the exercises in the gymnasium; watching, book in hand, the plays of the younger boys, little fellows who are not let to miss their homes in the care and gentleness bestowed upon them here; sitting in the teacher's chair, still book in hand, watching the shame-faced youngsters who find in curtailed freedom their severest punishment;—the director and umpire of play and work alike, the father manages, from first to last, to maintain a pleasant and friendly intercourse with every one. Looking over the *College Journal* one finds such anecdotes as this: One of the teachers of mathematics had offended the pupils by a rigid discipline in class. One day on entering the class-room he was confronted by a monster drawing upon the blackboard of a goose wearing a beretta, surmounting features whose lines bore a likeness unmistakable. With an imperturbable face he picked up the chalk and drew, in procession, fifteen goslings, the number of his class. The *entente cordiale* was at once restored.

In America we cannot have the ivy of centuries and the mellowness of tints that come from long ages of use; we can neither rival Oxford, with its Gothic halls, nor show the worn steps by which generations of students have passed to the lecture-rooms in old German universities. The little we have is not the less picturesque by its contrast.

The room for the library overlooks the river, commanding a view of exquisite beauty. Here, too, the individuality of the college asserts itself. That large oval table in the centre is a massive structure of solid mahogany, requiring nine men to lift it. It was the dining-table of Lord Baltimore, brought from England. Around it the Council of the Maryland colony under Leonard Calvert sat, and many a question of religious toleration, of war and of civil polity has been discussed across this board. For more than a century it was in

the possession of the clergy at the Church of St. Inigo's, Maryland. When the residence in which it stood was burned, the fathers devoted their energies to rescuing it from the flames, and it was the only article of furniture saved. In the cases are some of the rarest books in America. An old manuscript prayer-book on vellum, supposed to be of about 1280: its initial letters, painted by hand, are fine. Here is another, "The Epistles of the Ecclesiastical Year 1376." In early printed books or incunabula the library is particularly rich. Among them are "The Etymologies

of St. Isidore of Seville," a "Synopsis of Human Knowledge," bearing date 1472; a Latin Bible of 1479; "Euclid's Geometry," 1494; and "Virgil," 1502. This old law book, with beautifully illuminated initial letters, is the Pandects of Justinian, published in Venice in 1477; and be-

side it, still bearing the chain that insured its safety in some old court of law, is a "Synopsis, Commentaries of Paul de Castro" upon the Justinian Pandects, printed in 1483. An English black-letter prayer-book of Queen Mary's time bears date 1555. Here is its title:

THE PRIMER IN  
LATIN AND ENGLISH  
AFTER THE USE  
OF SARUM

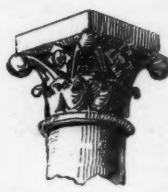
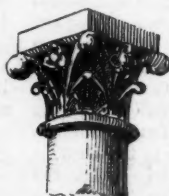
WITH MANY GODLYE  
AND DEVOUTE PRAYERS AS  
IN THE CONTENTES DOTH APPERE.  
WHEREUNTO IS ADDED A PLAYNE AND  
GODLYE TREATISE CONCERNING THE MASSE  
AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENTE  
OF THE ALTAR FOR THE INSTRU-  
CTION OF THE UNLEARNED  
AND SIMPLE PEOPLE.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON BY JOHN  
WAYLANDE, AT THE SIGNE OF THE  
SUNNE IN FLEETESTREET OVER  
AGAINSTE THE GREAT  
CONDUIT.  
ANNO DOMINI MDLV.

*Uno privilegio per septennium.*

When we recall that not until 1460 was any book printed on both sides of the leaf, and that Caxton's Bible, the first book printed in England, bore date 1474, the rarity of this collection will be realized.

Here also is a copy of the first edition of Pine's Horace, the text and many illustrations all printed from copperplate, bearing date 1733, and believed to be the only copy in the country. With a merry twinkle, the aged father who exhibits these trea-



CARVED CAPITALS.



THE DECATUR MEDAL.



sures pulls out an Irish dictionary printed in Paris in 1756. "A most useful book," he says. "I keep it within easy reach. The Irish laborers hereabouts, when they are taunted by their fellow-workmen with having no language worthy a name, bring them here, and triumphantly display the grammar and dictionary of their tongue."

The museum of a college, if the institution be at all old, is always an interesting place. Here an altar ornament from a small church built by Lord Baltimore, now demolished; an ancient dress sword of the Carrolls of Duddington, and a silver pomander that some lady of that date wore "pendante from ye left arme," as the fashion is described, take us back to the Maryland Pilgrims. Here is General Washington's liquor-case, set in a small traveling-chest, the square cut-glass bottles still dotted with gilded stars. Could it speak, how many tales could it tell of Old Put, Mad Anthony Wayne and Light-Horse Harry, and the convivial meetings in the General's tent! There is a fragment of the chain which stretched across the river below West Point during the Revolution, to keep Sir Harry Clinton from ascending the river; a medal presented to Stephen Decatur, Sr., the father of Commodore Decatur, for his service as captain of a privateer that did good service for our young republic during the Revolution. On one side are the arms of the family, with the chivalric inscription, "Pro Libertate et Patria Dulce Periculum;" on the reverse a ship under full sail, above which is engraved, "Success to the Royal Louis," and, beneath, "Step: Decatur, Commander, 1781." Of the gallant Commodore there is an excellent portrait, and a curious memento of the battle off

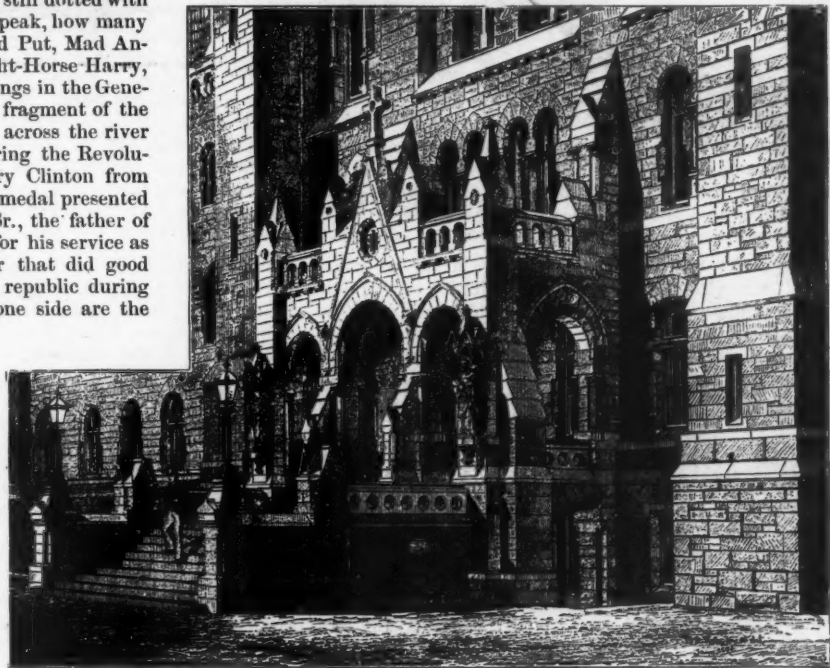
Tripoli—a Mohammedan prayer-book, written in Arabic characters within a broad margin defined by a black line. This little book was taken by Commodore Decatur from the neck of a Moorish soldier killed in the fight.

Some of the coins are of great value, notably two silver coins of Sicily, B. C. 450, and one of Alexander, B. C. 336; a coin of the Ptolemies, and Roman coins from Pompeii; medals of every land; a gold one presented Father De Vico by the King of Denmark, and a set presented by the family of the Mexican Emperor Iturbide. Figures and relics found in the Roman excavations bring us near to Rome when she was mistress of the world. The Old World jostles the New. Here are relics of our American Old World—Indian handiwork and ancient pottery from New Grenada

The few works of art have found their way here as gifts brought from the Old World—a statuette copy of Canova's Paulina Buonaparte, a bust of St. Aloysius by Cassano, and other minor pieces.

One of the most valuable possessions of the college is

a genuine Giordano, formerly belonging to the famous collection once in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, known as the "Meade Gallery." This collection comprised a large number of paintings brought from Europe by Mr. Richard W. Meade, a native of Philadelphia, who, at the beginning of this century, settled in Cadiz, Spain. Being a man of wealth and a connoisseur of art, he collected many valuable pictures in his travels. In addition to these, a great number were brought to him during the siege of Madrid, in 1810. They were taken from churches, monasteries and private collections—often cut from their frames in the haste to secure them and to place them under the protection of the American flag. Many of these treasures of art were purchased by Mr. Meade. Among them the "Vocation



MAIN ENTRANCE, NEW BUILDING.

of St. Matthew," by Lucca Giordano, was remarkable for its beauty of composition and coloring. The picture is a large one, the canvas measuring seven feet by nine, and the figures are nearly life-size. It represents the Apostle at the "seat of custom" at the moment when the Saviour, in passing, called him to leave all and follow Him. The glowing colors upon the canvas seem as fresh as if just from the hand of the artist. The picture was presented to the college by a daughter of the collector, and it is fully authenticated. There are few paintings of its size and value in the country, and it should find a place among more suitable surroundings. The college has no gallery where it can be properly displayed, and it is virtually lost to the world, unless its purchase and removal are effected.

Another fine painting here is "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." It was taken from the walls of a church in the City of Mexico, during its occupancy by the American army, by a private soldier, who cut it from its frame, wrapped it about his gun, and brought it away

as one of the trophies of war. It was given to the convent near by, and by the Lady Superior sent to the college.

At the foot of the hill, to the west of the college, nestle the graves of eighty-two of the fathers. Rank

upon rank they lie, soldiers in death, as they were in life; soldiers who pressed forward in unselfish devotion, and who now await the last marshaling.

"They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

MAY COLE BAKER.



ROMAN RELICS.

## LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAMP.

*March 4.*—Washington should have a special calendar. Everything dates from the beginning of the civic quadrienniate. The year itself should begin with the Fourth of March. So my journal shall open when first the south wind plays softly amid the sturdy pines and melts the snow beneath their branches. To-day the shadow of the great dome falls across my feet, but in the distance the blue hills of Virginia beckon and invite. What care I for President or Cabinet or Congress? O heart of mine, that loveth nature, I know thy answer! Unto thee, O hills, I come!

It is Thoreau, I think, who says that no matter how early you go into the woods, you will find that spring has been there before you. Spring has a fair start of me to-day. The sap is in the young trees, the raspberry bushes are purple with new life, the grass is fresh and green. I notice buds on the arbutus, and the water-cress has begun its sturdy growth. As yet, however, wild flowers have not appeared. The tiny white corollas of the *Draba verna* cover the hillside, but no other blossoms announce the coming of spring, except two hepaticas half hidden by dead leaves. Nevertheless, I find as I go home that my pockets are full of trophies—bits of arbutus, ferns, violet leaves and scarlet partridge berries.

*March 20.*—On the map of Washington and vicinity which lies before me, it is easy to notice that the long slanting line marked Boundary Street is in reality a division between the city on the one hand and the country on the other. The hills of Maryland come rolling up to the very edge of the city, like waves breaking upon a beach. You step from the asphalt pavement into broad fields and green woods. An hour's walk from the Capitol will carry you into secluded recesses, where only the voices of nature disturb the silence. There are places in Rock Creek Valley where the sounds of civilization are not heard. Washington, therefore, is a city where a lover of nature can make his home with peculiar advantage. The time may come when this shall no longer be. Let me then, to-day, go out into the woods and hear what spring is whispering to the earth.

*April 15.*—Out into the woods, with only my thoughts

and the wild flowers for company. By the corner of an old fence I noticed a violet growing. Stooping down to pluck it I glanced along the bottom of the fence and saw with pleasure a long line of blue violets. They had grown close to the sheltering fence, and the deep, rich color of their blossoms contrasted prettily with the gray lichen-covered boards.

*May 5.*—A warm rain last night, and the air balmy as June. In the park I heard, for the first time this season, the sound of the tree-frogs. There seemed to be myriads of them, and their music—for it was music—filled the air. Where did they all come from so suddenly?

*May 9.*—The colored women who crowd the sidewalk on the outside of the market are a study. I have come to know them, and I suspect they know me. There is a fat old woman, in a gingham gown, ragged and dirty, and a more cleanly one, whose blue check apron is tied in an artistic bow. One aged negress sits with her head sunk down to her knees, and rarely stirs; but most of them are more wide awake and anxious to solicit my custom. One colored girl, standing sideways against the wall, looks like some dark figure carved in relief against a red background. The strong sunlight upon her throws a shadow that makes the impression all the more vivid. Her dress is artistically negligent, and her head is covered with a black hood. She is apparently unconscious that she would make a splendid subject for a sketch.

There is one woman who watches me as I saunter up and down, with my hands in my pockets, as if I were a detective in disguise. Different from her is the pleasant negress who calls me "honey," and, with soft cajolery, always induces me to buy several more bunches of flowers than I really want. I notice, too, that these women have different ways of caring for and arranging their wild flowers. Some keep them in great pans of water, fresh and bright, as if they had a feeling for the little blossoms. Others lay their bunches on the hot, dry bricks, until the flowers are withered and dead. Some arrange the colors so that they blend together and are made attractive.

May 13.—I have been reading Thoreau's "Maine Woods," and it has stirred my heart to seek the wild-wood. Were such a thing possible, I should at once, with blue shirt on and knapsack strapped across my back, strike for the deepest wilderness.

It seems to me sometimes as if I must have some Indian blood in my veins, which draws me almost irresistibly to green fields, waving trees, running brooks and perfumed flowers. Possibly, a long time ago, some of my ancestors worshipped Athena, the Queen of the Air. The blue of the ægis, her sky-shield, I love; before the beauty of her wonderful cloud-forms and the glorious tints of their raiment, "which no covetousness can rob," I bow down and worship. Her breath is my inspiration, and the winged birds that sail and soar and rest upon her bosom, are to me messengers of joy.

Oftentimes, when the routine of work becomes wearisome, I send my thoughts out upon the country roads, to travel fast from town to village and from field to forest; to the spots where I have camped; to the springs where I have quenched my thirst; to the paths that lead to valleys watered by murmuring streams; and when these rambling thoughts of mine return—and they return most reluctantly—I am all the better for these mental wanderings in places where my body cannot go.

May 30.—Coming down out of the woods to-day, bearing a bunch of ferns, we met a young man, who looked at it with longing eyes, and said that ferns were the very things he had been looking for. The idea! looking for ferns on a dusty roadside with never the woods in sight. Ignoramus! "He is looking for the walking-fern," said my companion, "something that will come right to him." I hope he did not find a single specimen.

June 25.—We found a field of dewberries to-day. It is on the crest of a hill, where the wind blew fresh and strong in our faces. My friend, the Professor, seems to possess an unerring instinct, which leads him where the ripest, largest, sweetest berries grow. This out-door life makes one sharp-eyed and quick-witted. It broadens one's whole nature, too. You cannot help taking in the far-reaching sweep of country, with its broad-lying fields, and getting something of their generous fullness into your heart. It is this feeling which makes your companion say to you, "If you are not finding berries, come and share with me." Selfishness has no place out here in the woods—everything must be fair and equal.

I am imbued to-day with the spirit of the Greeks and Romans, and pour upon the ground a libation to the gods before I drink the water of the mossy spring. Ferns—cinnamon-ferns and royal flowering-ferns—grow tall and rank around me. The air is laden with the perfume of magnolia and swamp azalea; the chinquapin bushes are also in bloom, their long, yellow, feathery plumes waving gracefully. Down through the woods we go to an open field, where we find larkspur and the common pansy escaped from cultivation—the latter flower dwarfed by its wild, uncared-for life in the fields. Should I grow dwarfed if I escaped from cultivation? I think not.

I quote to my companion what Ruskin says of the larkspur: "It ('the charm of the dragon') enters like an evil spirit into the buttercup, and turns it into a larkspur, with a black, spotted, grotesque centre, and a strange, broken blue, gorgeous and intense, yet impure, glittering on the surface, as if it were strewn with broken glass, and stained or darkening irregularly into red." The Professor listens until I have finished, and then laughs and says, "Intensely unscientific."

July 18.—How little the country people know of that

which is at their very doors! While we were walking to-day, a discussion arose as to the common name of a certain flower. To settle the dispute, we referred the matter to a "native" who was passing in a wagon, and then to other "natives" in a house near by. None of these could enlighten us, nor did they make the least excuse for an ignorance of which I should think they would be ashamed.

July 20.—A cherry tree by the roadside offers a temptation to climb which even the dignity of a lawyer and a journalist cannot withstand. Throwing our coats upon the ground, we are soon amid the branches. The scene around us, when at last we have surfeited ourselves with the sweet, juicy, transparent fruit, attracts our attention. The country is spread out like a vast panorama. There is only one house in sight, and that is a considerable distance off. Fields beyond fields stretch away in the dim distance, until they meet the circling sky. Over to the north we can make out the deep valley through which the river passes, and beyond are the Maryland hills. The road beneath us is like a great, glistening serpent, whose shining body extends for miles to the right and to the left of us. It is high noon, but a gentle breeze fans our faces. The sound of our voices, the rustling of the leaves, the hum of the grasshopper and the momentary echo of a distant dinner-horn alone break in the mid-day silence. Not a human being is in sight. If we are not lords of all we survey, there is at least no one present to dispute our right.

As I reclined upon the the ground waiting for my companion to descend, I looked up at the sky through a fretwork of grass and yarrow, daisies and blackberry bushes. A great yellow butterfly floated airily around the flowers at my head, in consciousness of perfect safety. There was a dreamy stillness in the air that soothed me. It was a day such as Longfellow has described:

"O gift of God! O perfect day!  
Whereon shall no man work, but play;  
Whereon it is enough for me  
Not to be doing, but to be."

Here there came to me another quotation, and I laughed softly at the humor of its application as I repeated it to myself:

"Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown!"

July 21.—We can never get entirely clear of civilization. We came out into the woods to-day to rough it and cut loose from town-life, and the very first thing we do is to spread a table! The conventionalities of custom bind us tightly. I remember once that out in the woods we dined from a table of bark, which was not quite as bad as it might be; but alas for the time when we actually built a table under a tree, as if we were in a house, and had come to stay.

The blaze of our fire surrounds us with a wall of impenetrable darkness. We smoke, of course. A spring is the joy of the traveler along the wayside, but a pipe is his comfort in camp at night. The smoke floats dreamily away on the air, as idle as his thoughts. He is at peace with all mankind, and he smokes his pipe, as the Indian does, to show it. The dainty rings lose themselves, like gray spectres, in the darkness, and he falls into a reverie. Aye, in the solitude and quietness he becomes almost reverential. I should not wonder if reverie and reverential originally sprang from the same root.

August 12.—I noticed to-day that the sound which the scythe makes in cutting grass is exactly the same as the singing of the locust. The similarity of the two



sounds startled me as I came through the park this afternoon.

August 22.—That was a quaint expression that I came across to-day, in reading about Thoreau—that he experienced Nature, as some men are said to experience religion.

August 24.—To Battery Cameron, by way of the Ridge Road, to see the sun set. On the crest of the Virginia hills was a low, heavy bank of clouds. Above this the sky was dappled with fleecy flakes, such as my friend calls "angels' heads." Sinking behind the clouds the sun appeared like a globe of fire. Against its red disk the edges of the clouds assumed queer shapes. Once it was a crane or stork, outlined plainly, standing beside a rock. As the sun sank the crane moved upward, and the rock became a four-footed animal grazing. Then the great glowing ball disappeared. Overhead the sky was full of delicate colors. The hills of Virginia were crowned with a blue haze, which seemed to change gradually, until away up in the zenith it became a deep red, the tint of the departing sun.

It was the rainbow over again, from the violet to the crimson.

The bunch of wild flowers which I gathered was worthy of a painter, if, indeed, any artist could have done justice to its brilliant coloring. There was the rich, deep yellow of the cone-flower and the dainty yellow of the golden rod and St. Andrew's cross; the lemon color of the toad-flax contrasted with the bright orange of the butterfly-weed; the pink purple of the phlox and the pure purple of the iron-weed; the lavender tint of the mist-flower with the greenish-white of the wild carrot and the dead white of the spurge to subdue the brightness of the rest. Back of all was the fresh green of the sweet-scented cedar, its silvery berries matching the color of the milkweed pods.

September 10.—I imagine that the young farmer whom I met driving home his hay wagon, while riding this afternoon, regarded me with envy. I would not have changed places with him; yet suppose a piece of harness had broken or a part of my buggy become loose. He could have stepped up and repaired it, while I should have been compelled through ignorance to stand by almost helpless. In that one thing, at least, he was wiser than I; and, in so far as that knowledge extended, he was better than I. He could have taught me something, and I should have had to respect him. He could have lorded it over me and told me to stand aside, and I should have been compelled to obey.

September 11.—Emerson says, "Everything good is on the highway." Yet I think the highway is lacking in its goodness if there be not a spring of clear, cool water hidden somewhere in a bordering field or under a tree by the roadside. Without such a spring it is weary to the traveler and a reproach to the country through which it passes. The walker cannot love it, and even the very animals seem hastening to leave it behind.

Our ignorance, however, may lead us astray in this matter. I have walked over a highway which seemed as dry as the dust under my feet; but afterwards, when I have passed over it with one who knew the country, he has shown me hidden springs of whose presence I had no suspicion.

September 14.—The linden tree is one of the first of trees to show the approach of fall. The gum and oak and maple die like some old warriors, flaunting their colors in the face of their foe; but the leaves of the linden shrivel, as if they dared not offer resistance, even at the first approach of autumn. The edge of each leaf first turns brown and curls up, leaving a green

centre. This, indeed, is rather a pretty sight, when the leaves are viewed collectively, the colors contrasting well and the brown border being distinct.

October 5.—Like a strong, vigorous old man, who has lived on beyond his allotted time, and is at last stricken by a sudden and fatal heart disease, summer died while it was yet in its prime, though it was October. When the sun set last evening summer was with us, but ere the dawn it had disappeared. There was a death-struggle in the night that we knew not of. Out of the west came a whistling wind, cold and cruel, and a dark, overhanging cloud. The battle-royal which summer fought for life was not long. Its heart, so warm and generous, was touched by a killing frost. There were a few quiet convulsions, the flowers wept and the earth was sad. Summer was dead.

And then, out of this wind and cloud, there was born to us in the night while we slept a new season. It was no puny infant, but sprang, Minerva-like, full-grown into being. It was as strong in its youth as was the summer in its prime. It laid hold on the tender leaves and they withered in its grasp. Its breath fell upon the woods, and the trees cast off the colors of the departed summer and attired themselves in the gorgeous livery of the new king. The golden rod and aster alone lifted their heads, nor bowed in reverence to the wind as it went by. They were of the household of the young monarch, and had been waiting on the hillside and in the valley for his coming. They, with the painter's brush and marigold, shall be his crown of glory.

And he shall not die nor leave us—no, not even though the south wind come with its baneful breath—not even though the Indian summer come and apparently take possession of his throne.

December 6.—I came down the road to-night through an atmosphere thick with a frozen mist. The moonlight fell upon the earth as through a gauzy veil. The hoarfrost was unusually heavy, and covered the country with a perfect beauty. The fence-rails were as white as if a light snow had fallen, and a motionless log by the roadside was as a corpse wearing a silvery shroud. The fields stretched away into the distance, hidden beneath a white, sparkling dress—a *robe de nuit* of finer texture and more beautiful workmanship than mortal hands e'er made for mortal wear.

"He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes," says the Psalmist; but ashes are dull and opaque, while every tiny frost-crystal reflects a ray of light.

December 8.—The last leaf has fallen; the last golden rod has disappeared; the chestnut-burr has opened; beneath the hickory and the walnut trees is the ripened fruit; the Indian summer days are gone, and the air is cold and bleak. Upon the throne of the year sits a royal monarch, hearty and bluff and rugged, whose mantle is whiter than ermine and softer than down.

December 9.—The branches of the aspen in the winter-time seem more flexible than those of any other tree. They present in this regard a great contrast to the limbs of the linden tree, which, no matter how hard the wind blows, are stiff and unbending, as if there was a rod of iron in the centre of every branch.

December 12.—A spring thought came to me this dreary, rainy December day. The rains of April melt the frozen earth, and in the place of snow and ice come violets and roses. The people who do good in the world melt the hard crust of the world's selfishness, and where malice and discontent abounded, bloom the beautiful blossoms of charity and love.

December 14.—How persistently summer is resisting the attempts of winter to gain a foothold. A few nights

ago winter got so close upon the enemy's stronghold as to cast into it several thousand snowflakes, and I thought that the battle was surely ended. But the south wind has come to summer's assistance. To-day is fresh and warm, and winter has again retreated, I know not where.

*December 15.*—The crows are having a hard time of it this afternoon trying to reach their resting-place in the Virginia pines across the river. Their wings flap in a quick, desperate, convulsive movement as they battle with the wind. One old crow, who has made pretty good progress, is caught at a disadvantage, swung a little to one side, and in a moment is carried—a mere plaything of the gale—far back into the east, almost out of sight. Many of the crows make a strategic move, flying up perpendicularly, and then sailing down at an angle in the face of the wind. But even this does not avail them much.

No breath is wasted. The long line of battling, struggling crows is silent. Not a single "caw" is heard, although usually the crows make a noisy clatter while flying home. This silence and the desperate flapping of the wings are expressive.

*December 17.*—Winter has set his death-mark on the fields. I notice everywhere great patches of blighted grass, and over all is a sickly hue of yellowish brown. How prettily the gilded vanes shine in the sunlight here and there all over the city!

*December 23.*—To what shall I liken the smell of the pine needle?

Coming down the street this morning I picked up a little branch of a pine tree from the pavement. I stripped off the needles, bruised them thoroughly in my hands, and took a long inspiration of their fragrance. It was a bit of the country transplanted to the city. It filled me with a new life. Again and again I held the handful of green to my nostrils.

Far better than the insipid sweetness of cologne is

this strong, healthy, woody, aromatic odor of the pine needle.

All day long I have kept the handful of needles on my desk, and ever and anon my mind wanders to a forest of stately trees, green in winter, and their tops moving to and fro in the wind.

*December 24.*—Midnight. My heart is open. Spirit of Christmas, enter!

I would not paint Christmas as a man, but as a maiden, ever young, ever gentle, ever kind. Not as a king, but as a queen, before whose loving sceptre all should bow; whose countenance should be the happiest that ever mortal gazed upon. Her crown should be of holly branches, and her sceptre a branch of cedar. And I, adoring, would bow before her throne.

*December 25.*—I am glad that this Christmas day is perfect. It only needed this to round out, fully and completely, a typical week.

First there came in the early part of the week a down-pouring of rain. So, too, there was a cloudy and tearful time in the history of God's chosen people; a time of weeping and wailing and lamentation among the prophets over the sinfulness of Israel.

Then followed the strong northwest wind blowing back the clouds and foretelling a blue sky. So, too, the powerful, self-reliant prophecy of the coming of Christ was uttered while yet there was darkness in Israel; so, too, the clouds of superstition and of error broke.

Yesterday was an almost perfect day, the air almost calm, the sky azure. This was the world becoming ready for the Saviour's birth. Do not historians tell us that at the coming of Christ the world was better prepared to receive Him than at any other time? Yesterday, over again, the earth was waiting.

So I am glad that this Christmas day is perfect. It ought to be. Christ has come into the world.

The clear, transparent blue above is the infinite tenderness of the Christ-child.

HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST.

## ROBIN IN THE SNOW.

ROBIN, singing in the snow,  
Where the March winds wildly blow;  
Peering through the blinding storm,  
I can see thy tiny form,  
On the paling's sharpened height,  
Quiver with the song's delight.  
Clouds above and death below,  
Yet thou singest in the snow!

Not a twig on any tree  
Holds a nesting-place for thee;  
Not an inch of forage-ground  
Bare in all the country round.  
On the unswept window-sill  
Scattered crumbs have been thy fill,  
Scanty provender, 'tis true,  
For a hungry wight like you,  
Minstrel, wandering to and fro,  
For thy dinner in the snow.

Trill and twitter in the gloom,  
"Sunshine bringeth leaf and bloom;  
Soon on yonder snow-clad tree  
Mate and nest and warmth for thee.  
One who cares is over all—  
I have heard His Easter call;  
Trust Him, though the storm may blow,"  
Sings the robin in the snow.

Oft the story has been told,  
In the legend sweet and old,  
That thy bosom's stain of red  
Trickled from the thorn-crowned Head;  
Watching in the twilight gray,  
Ere the stone was rolled away,  
Perched the sepulchre a-near,  
Rose thy song of faith and cheer.  
I can well believe it so,  
Robin singing in the snow.

SARAH L. JONES.

# BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

## PERIOD II.

"Je ne comprends pas comme on peut tant penser à une personne : n'aurai-je jamais tout pensé?"

### CHAPTER I.

It is November; the second November since the Churchills' return from Dresden. A second summer has raced after a second spring, and a second autumn is pursuing both. The full tale of eighteen months is complete. Time has swung by on his mighty wings, which all the centuries are powerless to tire, bearing in his arms diverse gifts. To some he has brought satisfied ambition; to some grinding poverty; to some a surfeit of pleasure; to some a mad-house; and to some a grave. To many only a bundle of little nagging cares and pigmy pleasures, that passed without much heeding.

To the Churchills he has brought—what? To Mrs. Churchill a beautiful new *râtelier*; to Sarah, six new lovers and one new dog; and to Belinda, a knowledge of the postman's step, whether distant or near, that she might defy any inhabitant of this or any other street to rival. Before her return home, she had congratulated herself upon the convenience and number of the London posts. Ere six months are out, she execrates their frequency.

For eighteen months Belinda has been listening, and not once have her ears been filled with the sound that they are ever strained to catch. Not once has Rivers written. Not once has he come in person to explain his silence. He has gone—simply gone out of her life. That is all!

He was free, of course, to come or to go; as she tells herself, she cannot quarrel with him for that. The why she is at issue with him is that he has taken the taste of her life with him. For her he has taken the color out of the sunsets, and the music out of the larks. She looks at the beauty of our mother earth with a grudging, sullen eye. The summers with the glories of their roses; the autumns with the glories of their sheaves, are to her absolutely waste and worthless.

"Even if he came back to me," she says to herself; "even if I lived to be ninety, and saw him henceforth every day, every minute, until I die, I could never fill the emptiness of these days; they will always have been dead, dead loss!"

Now and again she rises up in revolt against the tyranny of the idea that is eating into and corroding her prime. She will cut him out of her life; will cut off that portion of her life in which he had concern, sheer away, like a precipice.

"I did well before I knew him," she says to herself, with a sort of indignation; "he was in the world, and so was I; he smiled as he does now—does he smile now, I wonder?—and I was none the worse for it. He did not blot out the sun; he did not make it up-hill work to eat, to speak, to breathe. Let things be as they were then. Why cannot they be? They shall be!"

For a moment she is strong and light-hearted; sings a gay verse of a song; feels the goodness of youth. Then a sick qualm comes over her. It is gone, done with! and the whole earth, the whole of life, is empty, hideous, void!

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It is November; the afternoon is drawing toward its close. Tea has been drunk, and visitors are gone. The hour of dressing draws nigh. This, however, is a fact that neither Mrs. Churchill nor Sarah are willing to admit; Mrs. Churchill because her drive has made her sleepy, and fire and owl-light are drowsy and soothing; Sarah because she is absorbed in the ingenious, if not useful, employment of painting the large white terrier lately added to the establishment, in colored stripes and spots to represent a clown. Jane is, happily for herself, not a sensitive dog, and submits with stolid good-humor to a process that would penetrate Slutty's heart with agonies of undying shame.

"Belinda is late," says Mrs. Churchill, drawing herself up into a sitting posture, the first preparatory step toward the unavoidable, dreaded move up stairs.

"I hope she will not come back until Jane is finished," answers Sarah warmly, hesitating for an instant in the choice of a pigment; while Jane opens her mouth in a large, bored, patient yawn.

"Perhaps she did not find it so tiresome as she expected," says Mrs. Churchill, reluctantly taking the second step toward departure, and rising to her feet.

"Perhaps not," replies Sarah absently, drawing back her head the better to judge of the effect of a large splash of gamboge, just applied upon Jane's right cheek.

"What an object you are making of that poor dog!" laughing lazily.

"She likes it!" replies Sarah gravely. "She thinks it is becoming. Do not tell her it is not. If she is a success, I mean to paint the others as Harlequin and Columbine!"

"I wish Belinda would come," says Mrs. Churchill, with a little comfortable curiosity in nowise akin to the loving, foolish solicitude that thinks that some unlikely misfortune must have happened to its beloved, if he or she be detained five minutes beyond his or her usual time.

"I hope she will not come until Jane is finished!" repeats Sarah seriously, working away with redoubled ardor.

"I think she must have been amused."

"H'm!" replies Sarah dubiously. "If she is, she is the first person in whom that emotion was ever provoked by an afternoon drum; and Belinda is not easily amused. I think," with quiet pride, "that Jane will amuse her. Ah, how provoking! Here she is!"

In effect, as the last words leave her lips the door opens, and her sister enters. If your eyes were shut, or if you were blind, your ear would never have told you that it was a young person's entrance, so measured and unelastic is her step.

"Do not come here! Do not look at Jane!" cries Sarah in an agonized voice, hastily throwing the cloth on which she has been wiping her brushes over Jane's long-suffering back. "Stay where you are! No! Now you may come!"

"Which am I to do?" asks Belinda; and her voice has as little spring in it as her step.

"Well?" cries Mrs. Churchill in a voice of cheerful expectancy, ready to abridge her dressing-time, to sit down again and be amused.



"Well?" replies Belinda unresponsively.

She has advanced to the fire, and now stands there, a foot on the fender, for the evening is chill, while the cheerful flames, upspringing, play upon the uncheerful beauty of her face, and lend a little of their own dancing to the

"Eyes too expressive to be blue,  
Too lovely to be gray,"

that have no dancing of their own in them.

"You are the worst person in the world to send out," says Mrs. Churchill, disappointed and cross; "for all the news you bring back, you might as well stay at home."

A couple of years ago, Belinda would have pleasantly acquiesced in her own lack of observation; would have cheerfully tried to remedy it. Now she only answers, with a sullen look:

"What is there to tell? What is there ever to tell about a drum? There was a mob of women, and a smell of hot sealskins!"

"Not a man, of course?" asks Sarah from the distant corner of the room, whither she has retired with the inchoate Jane, to pursue her artistic labors unseen. "How glad I am I did not go!"

Belinda smiles. When she smiles, you see even more clearly than when she is grave the inexpressible hardening which has happened to her face.

"There were two or three men."

"The usual refuse that you meet in a second-class literary salon, I suppose," rejoins Sarah contemptuously. "Dirty little poets, and greasy little positivists?"

Belinda still smiles a smile that is without gayety, but is not without satire.

"There was one man there whom you did not think too grimy to bestow a good deal of your notice upon at one period of your history."

"Who?" asks Sarah, pricking up her ears with awakened yet puzzled interest. "You would not be likely to meet any of my friends there, I should hope."

"Guess!"

"Je vous le donne en trois; je vous le donne en dix; je vous le donne en mille!" says Mrs. Churchill, who at the unsealing of her granddaughter's lips has recovered her good-humor. "Was it—pooh! what a memory I have—Signor Valetta, the singing-master, who went down on his knees in the middle of the lesson?"

"No."

"I have it! It was the German who wrote 'Ich liebe dich!' on the fly-leaf of the grammar!"

"It was not!"

Sarah has paused, brush in hand, her brows furrowed by her efforts to repass in her mind's eye the crowded phalanx of her suitors.

"They were the nearest approach to literature I ever made," she says doubtfully; "except"—a sudden rush of color and animation into face and eyes—"except—no! it could not have been; it was not—was it—Professor Forth?"

"It was Professor Forth."

"How awkward for you!" cries Mrs. Churchill, interested; "and of course he is not man of the world enough to carry off the *gêne* of such a meeting!"

In the emotion of the moment, Sarah has unintentionally released Jane, who now trots composedly back to the fire, her incomplete face, white on one side and garishly painted on the other—a fact which, even when taken in connection with the distrustful and angry wonder of the other dogs, is powerless to rob her of her stoic calm.

"Did he speak to you? Did you speak to him?"

cries Sarah in high excitement, running back to the hearth.

"I talked to him for a good half-hour."

"He accepted the situation, in short," says Mrs. Churchill. "Well, that was more than I should have expected of him."

"Did he mention me? Of course he mentioned me?" asked Sarah eagerly.

"He inquired after granny; and then he put you in as an afterthought."

"I dare say that he could not command his voice to ask after me at first?" cries the other, laughing. "Did his voice tremble at all? I hope it trembled."

"Not in the very least."

"You talked to him for half an hour? What did you talk about?"

"We talked about Browning's poetry."

"*Browning's Poetry!*" with a disgusted accent.

"What a bore for you! I thought that of course you would have talked about me!"

"Bore!" repeats Belinda, with a sort of bitter animation. "I thought it such a blessing. I did not want to talk about you, or myself either, or granny; we are always talking about you and myself and granny. It was such a relief to get away once in a while from people, and turn to things!"

"I must say that Browning is a great deal too clever for me," puts in Mrs. Churchill contentedly. "I am very fond of poetry; but I like something that I can understand."

"But did you talk about nothing but Browning's poetry?" inquires Sarah, incredulously lifting her eyebrows. "Did you talk about it the whole time?"

"We had hardly exhausted the subject in half an hour," replies Belinda, with a disagreeable sneer. "And then he read aloud; he was asked to read aloud!"

"And you all sat round worshipping!" exclaims Sarah, breaking into new laughter. "That is exactly what they did at the house I first met him at. You may not credit it, but I sat round worshipping, too!"

"They were rather fulsome!" replies Belinda, her lip curling at the recollection.

"And what did he read? Did he read anything amusing? But of course he did not!"

"He read 'The Grammarian's Funeral.'"

"*Grammarian's Funeral!*" repeats Mrs. Churchill with a shrug. "What a name for a poem!"

"The Grammarian's Funeral!" echoes Sarah, but with an emotion different from her grandmother's coloring her tone. "That was the very poem he read the night I first met him. I could not make head or tail of it; but I pretended that I thought it very fine. Belinda, beware! or this family may have a second time cause to rue that that Grammarian ever was buried!"

"How curious, your meeting him!" said Mrs. Churchill, with an amused, leisurely smile. "How it must have reminded you of Dresden!"

Belinda shudders a little. There is so much need to remind her of Dresden! And yet she herself has been surprised at the extra vividness with which the sight and bodily presence of one of the subordinate actors in the little drama enacted there has brought it back to her. Is her memory growing habitually dull? Oh, if it were so!

"Is his mother alive still?" asks Sarah, striking hastily in to divert the conversation from the channel into which her grandmother seems disposed to direct it. "I hope you were not behindhand in civility; and that as he remembered to ask after our old lady, you remembered to ask after his."

"I did not; I thought she might be dead, but I do not think she is. He mentioned her; he said something about 'My mother.'"

"Then of course she is not dead!" answers Sarah decisively; "if she had been, he would have said, 'My poor mother!' Granny, when you are dead, I mean always to talk of you as 'my poor granny!'"

"Do you indeed, my dear!" rather sharply. "Let me tell you that I have no intention of giving you the opportunity just yet!"

"Did he say anything about coming to call?" asks Sarah, with an interested look.

"Not a word."

"Did he give you the impression that he was contemplating it?"

"Not in the least."

"Do you think that he will?"

"I should think certainly not; indeed he is going back to Oxbridge to-morrow. I wish I were going to Oxbridge to-morrow! I wish," restlessly, "that we lived at Oxbridge."

"To be near him?" asks Sarah, laughing.

Her sister joins in the laugh, but without heartiness.

"Not exactly; but from what he says—from what every one says—there must be such a continual stir of intellectual life going on there."

"Good heavens!" cried Sarah, shocked; "what has happened to you? You are growing to talk just as he does; those are the kind of things he used to say to me, and expect me to provide them with suitable answers!"

"It does sound high falutin'," answers Belinda, rather ashamed; "but it is not, really: it is only that I would give anything to get out of our own little groove into any other."

"I like our little groove," says Sarah, contentedly; "by-the-by, that reminds me—Jane where are you? Jane, how dare you? How can you be so indelicate as to present yourself half dressed to Punch and Sluttie? Come here this instant."

But Jane, though giving a slavish leer and a sycophantic wag of her disfigured tail, makes no movement toward exchanging her warm couch on the deep rug for the uncomfortable glories of the palette and the brush.

"It may not be a bad little groove for those who like it," rejoins Belinda, discontentedly; "but it is pleasant to get a glimpse beyond it now and then. I do not know when I have been so little bored as I have been this afternoon."

#### CHAPTER II.

SHE says the same thing to herself in the solitude of her own room—that solitude where the least truthful speaks truth. She says it again when she awakes next morning. Is it possible that an avenue to renewed interest in life may be opening before her? Others—Professor Forth, for instance—have lived and live by the intellect; live to all appearance worthily and contentedly. Why may not she too? What—her heart being stone dead—is there to prevent her?

"If you please, 'm," says Tommy next day in the afternoon, appearing in the doorway of the little back sitting-room, litter-room, dirt-hole, where a special cause has gathered the three ladies of the Churchill family, "there is a gentleman from Higgins and Rawson in the hall."

It is a new Tommy; the old one, having bloomed out into increased size and new vices, has been superseded; a new Tommy with a cherub face, but an education for his profession that as yet leaves much to be desired.

"A gentleman from Higgins and Rawson!" repeats

Mrs. Churchill indignantly; "there are no gentlemen at Higgins and Rawson—it is a haberdasher's shop! Ask him his business."

The cherub retires, trembling, and his mistress' attention returns to the object from which his entrance had diverted it; the object which has called both herself and her granddaughters hither. It is the washing of the dogs, a function periodically celebrated and revelled in by Sarah.

Jane is already washed; she is a pushing dog, always putting herself forward, and claiming the chief seats in the synagogues. Candescingly white, cleansed from stain of indigo and ochre, no longer comic, but gravely beautiful, she lies in glory, drying on a blanket. It is now the martyred Sluttie who is in the wash-tub, dripping resignedly, while Sarah's strong white arm is employed in vigorously scrubbing her fat back, and the soapsuds are falling into her dreadfully goggling eyes.

Punch is seated in a deep dejection not usual with him a good distance off, well aware that his fate also is hurrying to overtake him, but trying to imagine that he may avoid it by remaining seated in the middle distance, and totally refusing to reply when addressed.

Belinda sits by, occasionally lending a helping hand when Sluttie struggles, and occasionally turning a page of the volume of Browning, which, in pursuance of her intention of living henceforth by the intellect, lies open on her knees.

Tommy has again appeared.

"If you please, 'm, there is a lady with a tambourine—"

"A lady with a tambourine!" repeats Mrs. Churchill, in an awful voice. "What do you mean, Tommy? Ladies do not play tambourines about the streets! You mean a woman with a tambourine! Send her away."

A second time Tommy retires discomfited, but not for long. After a short absence he returns.

"If you please, 'm, there is a person in the hall wishes to speak to you."

"A person!" echoes Mrs. Churchill commendingly. "Come, that is better! A shopman, I suppose! Did he say what shop had sent him?"

"Please, 'm, I do not think he is a gentleman from—I do not think he is from a shop at all. He said his name was Forth, and asked me to give you this card" (presenting one).

As her eyes fall upon it, Mrs. Churchill jumps up with a little shriek.

"Good heavens!" she cries, aghast, "it is Professor Forth! What do you mean, Tommy, by calling him a 'person,' and leaving him in the hall? Show him up to the drawing-room at once!"

"Please, 'm," replies Tommy, whimpering, "you said as how I was not to call 'em gentlemen."

"So he has come!" cries Sarah, in a rather triumphant voice, raising a beaming face from the middle of the steam and suds. "Do not you think he would like to see the dogs washed?"

"I cannot think what has brought him," says Mrs. Churchill, in a vexed voice; "that class of people has no tact. I never could find a word to say to him. Now, pray, Sarah, do not make a fool of him again! It is all very well for you, but you do not reflect what a nuisance he is to Belinda and me!"

"He is no nuisance to me!" replies Belinda coldly; "I am glad he has come. I wanted to talk to him! I do not think he has come to see Sarah; I think he has come to see me!"

She says it with cool, positive, indifferent composure. With as much coolness, as much indifference, as much

composure, she walks up the stairs and into the drawing-room, pursued by her sister's message :

"Tell him that I am coming directly, but that, with me, even Love cedes to Duty, and I must finish washing Slutty."

Mr. Forth is looking toward the door as Belinda enters; and an indescribable air of relief steals over his countenance when he perceives that she is alone.

"I have taken the liberty of calling," he begins formally; but she interrupts him.

"I am glad to see you," she says, with a direct look of cold sincerity. "I wanted to talk to you. Will you sit down?"

And yet, now that the opportunity for gratifying that want has come, she seems for a while to lack the power.

According to his chilly wont, he has chosen the seat nearest the fire, opposite the window, and she has placed herself on the other side. As she looks in his face, a cataract of agonizing memories pours storming over her heart. In the throng and bustle of last night, memory had not been half so busy. She had thought that she could see him without pain; with only that dull numbness with which she sees small and great. But now she finds that for her in each wrinkle traced by thought about his eyes—in each pucker of discontent around his lips—there lurks a demon of recollection.

The little wintry, fog-thickened London drawing-room has changed to the sunny Dresden salon. It is full again of Sarah's pungent pleasantries at her lover's cost, and of Rivers' resounding laughs at them. A hundred worthless speeches of Rivers', ridiculing the other's foibles, his muffetees, his parsimony, his digestion—speeches trivial and merry when spoken, now solemn and woful, rush back upon her mind. Oh, if her heart should turn out not to be stone-dead after all! But it must!—it must!—it shall!

Her silence has lasted longer than she is aware, and there is a slight tone of offense—to that, too, a memory is tied—in her visitor's voice, as he says:

"I hope I have not chosen an inopportune moment for my visit?"

"Not at all!—not at all!" she answers hastily; but the composure with which she had entered the room, had first addressed him, is gone; a fever has come into her cheek, and a hurry into her words. "As I told you, I am glad to see you. I want to talk to you. Why have not you gone back to Oxbridge?"

"I am to return by the 4.45 train," he replies; "and I thought that I could not better utilize the moments left me than by—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," she cries, brusquely pushing aside his civilities. "I want to ask you—I want you to tell me—I suppose that you are a competent judge—is not it quite possible for a person to live entirely by the intellect?"

He looks at her doubtfully. Such a question in the mouth of a Churchill, his experience of Sarah has taught him profoundly to distrust.

"I mean," she says, nervously plucking at the Japanese hand-screen that she has taken up to shade her face—hot, but not with fire heat—"I mean," panting a little, "do not you think that that is the best life—the most satisfactory on the whole—the least liable to interruption and disappointment—that is built upon—upon—upon books, you know—upon the—the mind!"

"You must be aware," he answers frigidly, "that the whole tendency of my teaching is to show that the pursuit of knowledge is the only one that really and abundantly rewards the labor bestowed upon it."

"You think so?" she answers, breathlessly, leaning

eagerly forward, and fixing her large heart-hungry eyes upon him. "You think that it would be *enough*—that it would satisfy one—that one would not need anything beyond?"

There is an inexpressible sorrowful yearning in the accent with which she pronounces this last phrase. Oh, if he could but furnish her with this anodyne, how she would fall on her knees and bless him!

"Since there is no limit to the domain of the knowable," he is beginning, when again she breaks in upon him:

"No, no! of course not! I understand! but how to get at it, that is the question! I thought—I imagined—I hoped—that perhaps you might help me—might direct me!"

Again he looks at her suspiciously. Is not this the very same request with which the mendacious Sarah had opened her fire upon him? Is this a thirst for learning of the same character, and that is likely to be quenched with the same surprising ease?

"Of course," she goes on hastily, mistaking the source of his hesitation, "I cannot expect you to waste much time upon me; but I thought that—that—perhaps you might be inclined to set me on the way; to—lend me a book or two every now and then."

"I am not in the habit of lending books," he answers, still suspiciously; "but I should be happy to make an exception in your favor, were I convinced that your desire for self-education were a genuine one."

"Genuine!" she cries, indignant and astonished. "Why what else should it be? What motive could I have for feigning it?"

A slight look of embarrassment, mixed with mortification, crosses his face.

"You cannot have forgotten," he says, "the interest in literature counterfeited by your sister—"

He stops suddenly; for, as if the mention of her had conjured up her bodily presence, at the same instant she enters, protected by her grandmother and by a tempest of clean dogs.

"How are you?" cries she, holding out her hand to him with the same easy, jovial smile as if they had parted yesterday on the best of terms. No confusion born of the recollection of their last meeting troubles her good-humor. No doubt as to the present visit being addressed to her ruffles her mind. None such apparently results from the precipitancy with which, upon her entry, her ex-lover begins to seek his hat, and murmur of his train.

"And about the books?" says Belinda, with a hesitating wistfulness when her turn comes to be bidden good-by to. "You will not forget about the books?"

It seems to her as if he were carrying off her new, faint, feverish hope with him, and she cannot let it go without a struggle.

"I will think of it," he answers hurriedly, with a distrustful glance at Sarah; "I—I will let you know."

"What about books?" asks Sarah inquisitively, as soon as the door has closed upon him. "Is he going to lend you books? The old villain! it was with books that he first beguiled my young affections. I believe that he is like Jacob: not having been able to obtain Rachel, he is going to try and put up with Leah! eh, Leah?"

"What an untidy way he has of sitting!" says Mrs. Churchill pettishly, advancing to set right the chair lately occupied by their guest; "these loose chair-covers are a mistake. I am sure I hope that he will be in no hurry to repeat his visit. One thing is certain; not one of us expressed the slightest wish to see him again!"



"If I did not express it, I felt it," answers Belinda perversely. "I wish to see him again."

Mrs. Churchill's sole response is a silent shrug, a mode lately adopted by her and Sarah of receiving the starts and frets of Belinda's temper—that temper once so smooth and sweet—a mode of expressing that they are to be endured, not argued with.

"How curiously ugly he is!" cries Sarah, chuckling at the recollection. "I could hardly help laughing when I looked at him; he is like Charles Lamb's Mrs. Conrady: 'No one ever saw Mrs. Conrady without pronouncing her to be the plainest woman that he ever met with in the course of his life. The first time that you are indulged with a sight of her face is an era in your existence ever after. You are glad to have seen it—like Stonehenge!'"

Mrs. Churchill laughs lazily. "What a memory you have, child!"

"I can go on, if you like," continues Sarah, encouraged by this praise. "'No one can pretend to forget it. No one ever apologized to her for meeting her in the street on such a day and not knowing her; the pretext would be too bare.'"

"You have always grossly underrated him," says Be-

linda severely; "there is a side of him, an intellectual side, which you are totally incapable of appreciating!"

"Totally!" assents her sister placidly; "and so, I hoped, were you!"

"At least I know that it is there!" cries Belinda angrily, beginning to walk restlessly about the room after a fashion that she has adopted during the last year—a fashion that is somewhat trying to her housemates' patience. "I recognize it; I admit it; I would imitate it if I could!"

"Since when?" asks Sarah dryly.

There is something in her apparently harmless question which jars upon Belinda's sick nerves.

"It is very hard," she breaks out, reddening, "that one should be thrown back and ridiculed here, when one makes any least effort to improve one's self! What is the use of making any attempt in such an atmosphere as this? What is the use of struggling—of trying—"

She bursts into stormy tears, and leaves the room.

"Her temper is becoming impossible!" exclaims Mrs. Churchill, holding up her pretty old, white hands.

But Sarah only says, "Poor dear!" in a very lenient voice, and kisses all the dogs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE LOST ESTATE.

WHERE the deadly nightshade grows,  
Where grim shadows now repose,  
Once the morning stars arose  
In the golden olden time.

Fairy footprints sparkled there;  
Heavenly music filled the air;  
Darkness, Silence and Despair  
Fled on noiseless raven plumes.

Spring awoke the dreaming flowers;  
Birds in hymeneal bowers  
Sang away the halcyon hours  
On the hyacinthine shore.

Love and Beauty, hand in hand,  
Wandered through this wonder-land—  
King and queen, at whose command  
All its teeming treasures lay.

Then their hearts no sorrow knew,  
For their love was warm and true;  
Fields were green and skies were blue;  
Life was rosy with romance.

Lordly mansions they possessed  
In this "island of the blessed,"  
By enamored waves caressed  
Into slumber on the deep.

Never, in her wildest flight,  
Gleamed, on Fancy's eager sight,  
Fairer gardens of delight,  
Or in cloudland or Cathay.

How the desolation came—  
Whether pestilence or flame,  
War or famine, were to blame—  
No one, living now, may say.

Voyagers on passing ships  
Whisper yet, with whitened lips,  
Of the wan and weird eclipse  
Fallen on that high estate—

Tell of cruel lust of gold,  
Beauty haggard, love grown cold,  
And disasters manifold  
Wasting the enchanted isle.

Ivy frets the palace wall;  
Crumbling arch and column fall;  
Mold and canker over all  
Hold a ghostly carnival;

Light and music flown away;  
In the courts no fountains play;  
Death holds undisputed sway  
From the mountains to the shore.

Ah! had Love his truth maintained,  
Then his kingdom had remained,  
And his dynasty had reigned  
O'er that Aidenn evermore.

THEODORE H. HILL.



By ALBION W. TOURGEE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.  
BORN OF THE SPIRIT.

BEECHWOOD SEMINARY had a wide reputation. It not only afforded exceptionally fine advantages for the education of young ladies, but it was eminently respectable. To have been admitted to its classes was of itself a certificate of social rank. To have graduated from Beechwood was to hold a master-key to good society everywhere in the land. Twenty years had passed since the Misses Hunniwell began with three boarders, whom they taught in the parlor of their father's house, upon the front of which the Seminary building proper now abutted. Their father had been a merchant who had saved from ruin, in the "crash" of '37, only this old homestead and the little hill-side farm, whose chief value was that it furnished firewood and shelter. His daughters had been well educated, and were too proud to descend from their former high social position to any menial avocation, and too "capable," as the saying of that region is, to be dependent upon others. Their mother was dead. So between them they managed the household and the scholars, and managed both so well that their fame soon came to the ears of others—parents and pupils.

Then the father died. Their pupils filled the house, and some even obtained board at the neighbors'. They builded a separate school-room; it was soon more than full. Then a small legacy fell to them. They borrowed what was really a large sum in those times, and erected the comfortable structure that now bore the name of Beechwood Seminary. In a few years the debt was extinguished. One of the sisters died, and the other wrought with still greater pride and devotion because of her memory. It was a high-priced and high-toned institution; but it was a thoroughly good one. Its founders contemplated their own advantage, yet they were strictly honest, and would have scorned to take pay for anything without giving a fair equivalent for it. They were, above all things else, ladies. They were descended from one of those old families of the colony whom the age of vulgar shops and factories overtook and drove in upon themselves. They were types of that aristocracy which somehow or other grew up and stood, proud and cold and self-respecting, among the barren hills which mechanic art invaded with its army of hand-workers—men and women—whose labor was to build the foundations of the aristocracy of to-day. The Hunniwells were an old family. Their blood was very clear and very blue. The chilly purity of that creed whose great expounder had once dwelt almost in

sight of the seminary, had left its impress on their hearts. To "be a lady forever" was a Scriptural injunction that followed hard upon the decalogue in their minds. To be in all things "under the breath of good repute" was a prime pre-requisite to favor with them. They pitied the poor. They would cheerfully serve the humblest. Suffering never cried to them in vain. Conscience and sincerity were to be seen in their soft, refined, yet sharply cut faces, as clearly as the blue veins that showed through the silky skin. The calm gray eyes were full and strong, but they were kind and, in a way, tender. They were interested in their neighbors of the busy borough that had grown up so near the old farmhouse by them. They patronized the public schools which nestled about among the hills. Rarely did one of these close a term that one of the sisters with a few of their pupils did not honor the closing day with their presence. The white slender fingers pointed out errors on the blackboard or the slate. The silky brown curls that framed the calm, refined faces and softened their serene severity, rose and fell with the little nods of approval which they gave for the encouragement of merit. Their aristocracy was not one of scorn or self-assertion, but of infinite self-respect. They did not like new things or take kindly to new ideas. The proprieties of the olden time ruled their convictions. They kept aloof from "isms" that smacked of question of the old doctrines. As the delegated guardians of the pupils intrusted to their charge, they held it a sacred doctrine to see that these imbibed, while under their care, no doubtful dogma. They were not ascetics. They did not shut their pupils away from the society that surrounded them, but required them to attend church upon the Sabbath, encouraged them to attend the prayer-meetings, and with the parents' assent allowed them sometimes to attend social gatherings and to receive, with scarcely a show of restraint, the visits of the young men of the neighborhood on certain specified evenings. The Misses Hunniwell were ladies and had no young ladies at their school whom they could not trust. So, too, they were not unreasonably severe in regard to girlish escapades, recognizing that young life must break from its leading-strings now and then. Their pic-nics, "recreation evenings" and holidays were festal occasions full of sweet innocent pleasure, not only to their pupils but to the favored youths who were deemed worthy of admission to this hill-side Eden.

Since the death of the elder sister, and especially since the coming of Hilda and Amy, even the former

seemingly light discipline had been somewhat relaxed. Hilda, especially, had become a prime favorite, despite her apparent disregard of some of the minor proprieties. Much was forgiven, because of the free, untrameled life of Sturmbold. The privileges which Captain Hargrove had demanded as the condition of her coming had been granted with some reluctance. Perhaps no man of less evident gentility—certainly no man whose Southern birth and lineage did not entitle him to ask such a thing as a concession to the home life and custom of his daughter—could have obtained the consent of the lady principal of Beechwood to the keeping of a pony for his daughter's use. It was with no little misgiving that it was granted. After a time it seemed to prove so innocent a pleasure, and Hilda's abounding health as well as her frank good nature, cheerful application and marked superiority in her studies had thoroughly overcome the good lady's fears, that more than one sleek pet stood in the stable of the institution. She was not at all averse to the added income, though no temptation of gain could have induced her to lower, in the least degree, the standard of excellence or the tone of exclusiveness and propriety which clung around this pride of her lonely life. Since these innovations had come she had even allowed herself a pleasant luxury, which she had never before dreamed of indulging. Having now to keep an assistant for the man-of-all-work, who spaded the garden, milked the cows, prepared the wood and did the purveying for the institution, she had set up her carriage in a modest way, instead of relying on the village livery when she needed a vehicle for any purpose. So it happened that Beechwood had come to be regarded as not only a respectable and exclusive institution but even in a sense a luxurious one. All this added to its prosperity and popularity until the number of pupils who were refused admission, year by year, almost equaled the number accepted.

Yet let it not be supposed that there was any lack of wholesome discipline at Beechwood. Woe to the young lady who transgressed in any really important feature its regulations. She found that beneath the gentle nature of the principal there was a will of iron. Concealment of any fault or evasion of any duty was certain to receive merited reproof and humiliation. Falsehood in word or act was the most heinous sin. The unworthy, incorrigible or persistently neglectful were weeded out with the most summary firmness. She was tender in her care but inflexible in her requirements. Among the things most rigidly prohibited was all mention of the question which had grown to be the absorbing topic of the day. Holding herself to be the parent *pro tempore* of her pupils, she considered it a sacred duty to see to it that the home teachings of each were not perverted while under her care. Having pupils from the South, as well as the North, she counted it needful, both for her own interest and as a trustee of their interests, not only that discussion and dissension should be avoided, but that ideas which might be repugnant to the respective parents should not be imbibed by them while under her control. So while the life about her became a seething mass of heated controversy, Beechwood felt none of its influence. To this fact Miss Hunniwell owed no little loss of prestige among the people of the town. She was said to be bitterly pro-slavery in her views, and the seminary was regarded by some of the most rancorous of the abolition fanatics as a nursery of the most pestiferous doctrines.

This opposition naturally inclined this self-reliant woman to a more positive and pronounced hostility to

that sentiment which had gradually worked its way into so many of the institutions of the North. So when a family of colored children found their way into the school-house of the little village she ceased her customary visits there, and so far overstepped her own rule as not only to speak somewhat bitterly in reference to it in private conversation, but also to refer to it in her customary Wednesday afternoon talks to her pupils. She did not like slavery. She even regretted its existence, and was truly sorry for the slave's hard fate. But, on the other hand, she did not like the negro. She thought he had a right to the proceeds of his own labor—to be a man and have a home—but that did not make him white, or entitle him to be the equal of the white man. She gave liberally to the Colonization Society, and hoped the day would come—indeed, she prayed for it daily—when Christianized slaves would be reshipped to Africa by the million as missionaries, who should convert their barbarian kinsmen to Christianity. She took no note of probability or possibility. She never stopped to consider of their fitness, and it did not once occur to her that the untaught slave was, at best, a queer emissary to bear the message of Christian freedom to the continent whence Christian hands had ravished slaves for centuries to minister to Christian greed. Her only feeling was that they ought not to have been taken from thence, and, being here, ought to be gotten rid of as soon as possible. There were very many who sympathized with these views, but in the region where she dwelt the antipathy to slavery as an act of personal injustice to the slave was fast overcoming the antipathy of race and color.

It was to this community and to this woman that the report had come, so well supported that none could doubt, that a favorite pupil of this exclusive institution was a threefold social leper—illegitimate, the daughter of a slave—perhaps a slave herself—and cursed with that befouling taint, the blood of Africa. The metropolitan journals had brought the news, now fully confirmed, of the death of Captain Hargrove in the attempt to remove the slaves from Mallowbanks, together with the further information, derived from papers found upon his person that removed all possible doubt, that the daughter of George Eighmie and Alida had been entered as a pupil at Beechwood. The village paper, which was rampantly Abolition in its tone, had referred to it with a sly touch of gratification at the position in which the principal would find herself, combined with a really sympathetic allusion to the young lady herself. Another journal, of opposite proclivities, published in a village a few miles away, had discoursed upon it at considerable length, taking occasion to express its entire confidence that Miss Hunniwell had been imposed upon by the accomplished kidnapper and the girl whom he had represented as his daughter. It added that the latter was said to be gifted with that rare beauty which the quadron sometimes possesses, but was easily recognized as having colored blood when the fact was once suggested to an observer. Three letters had also come by that morning's mail to the lady principal, which brought vividly before her mind all the horrors of the fact she had learned. Two of these were from Southern patrons. They were bitterly indignant at the fact that their daughters had been made the victims of such an infamous fraud, and demanded their instant return to their homes. They denounced her in unmeasured terms for the very sin she hated most—deception. She felt that their anger was justified. She was angry herself at the imposition which had been practiced upon her, and utterly appalled at the disgrace



which must ensue to her beloved seminary. The other letter was from Mr. Robert Gilman, in his capacity of attorney for the heirs of Eighmie, informing her that they had positive information that "a certain negro girl, belonging to the estate of said Eighmie," was kept and harbored at the seminary under her charge, under the name of Hilda Hargrove, having been entered there as the daughter of Merwyn Hargrove, deceased, who had the said girl in his possession, claiming to be the testamentary heir of said Eighmie, though in fact held only to be an administrator *de son tort* of said estate. A reward of one thousand dollars was offered if she would hold and detain the said negro girl until the duly authorized administrator could take measures to reclaim the same as the property of the estate. He added that the administrator would arrive in a very short time—perhaps nearly as soon as his letter—fully prepared to substantiate his claim and take the necessary steps to recover possession of the slave.

A cry of horror escaped the lips of the teacher as she threw the letter from her, almost before she had finished its perusal.

In an instant she was transformed. The anger of her patrons, the pecuniary loss, the shame that would attach to Beechwood and its loss of prestige—all were forgotten in the horrible vision that rose up before her of the fate that impended over her favorite pupil. Till that moment she had not been conscious of any exceptional fondness for Hilda. Her beauty, her winsome frankness and her affectionate disposition had made her a favorite with all; but this foster-mother of twenty generations of *alumnae*, this *alma mater* of a thousand spotless girls, would have counted herself unworthy of her trust had she admitted in her heart an hour before that she could love one of them in any great degree more than another. She would have dismissed from her employ at once any teacher who had manifested a like partiality for any particular pupil. All her life she had been as impartial as Rhadamanthus, and had fixed her pride upon and given her care and tenderness in almost equal degree to all. Now, the heart of this gray-haired, childless woman burst the bound of habit, and cast aside all the wisdom and pride of her life. She forgot every one that was under her charge save this lone child of a nameless union—the hopeless Pariah, the incurable leper, before whom waited only a life of shame and suffering—this nameless waif of the Dead Sea of Slavery. She saw it all—the chains—the block—the mart—the life of shame—the death long waited for and welcomed because an end of life. Within her breast the mother sprang to life. Born of this spirit-travail Hilda became at once her child—her one ewe-lamb—her very own. Her father's death had given her back the mother she had never known.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" cried the childless woman, as she clasped her arms across her bosom

and walked back and forth across the study floor. "My child! My Hilda! What shall I do? How shall I save you?"

That moment she caught the fire of the enthusiasts. In that hour she became a fanatic. The one thought which was seething in the heart of the people had found entrance to her own, and drove out all others. No argument, no exposition of theory had ever touched her calm, conservative nature; but the very thought of this Nessus robe, which must forever encase the fair young form in the room above, overturned at once her life-long convictions, destroyed all thought of prudence, and set her in battle array against an institution of which Hilda's peril was but an incident—rare, perhaps, but possible. With her nature it was not enough to feel or believe. She must act. She ceased her rapid walk across the room, took the letter of the attorney from the floor, and carefully read it again. Her soft cheek burned and her eyes flashed with anger. She sat for a long time with her head resting on one hand, her lips close shut, and the letter crushed in the clinched fingers of the other. She was thinking—thinking what she could do, what she must do. She had decided without thought what she ought to do. She hated this attorney who could speak so coolly of the fate that impended over her favorite. Yet he was a good man, an honest man; a loving, tender-hearted father and a conscientious attorney. In writing this letter he had performed a simple duty which the law imposed upon him. If he had known her thought, he would no doubt have been surprised. He would have felt that she was unjust, and he, in his turn, would also have been unjust. Cruelty was as foreign to his nature as to hers. He was only the product of a system she could not understand, as she was the creature of a development of which he knew nothing.

She heard the shriek and then the fall in the room above. In an instant she comprehended what had passed. She knew that the fatal message had reached Hilda's ears. She sprang to her feet, rushed out of her study, ran along the hall and up the stairs with the crumpled letter in her hand. The curious pupils, who had come from their rooms at the sound of the shriek, shrank away from her as she passed them in amazement. She did not speak to them nor look at them. No one had ever seen her manifest excitement before. A teacher, with a white, terrified face, met her at the head of the stairs, and asked her a question. Miss Hunniwell thrust her rudely aside without reply, passed straight on to Hilda's room, turned the knob without knocking, entered, and closed the door behind her.

Without there were pale faces, quivering lips and hushed, wondering whispers. The premonition of a sad, mysterious tragedy that was being enacted in the midst of them had hushed the chatter of an hour before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE VANISHED LIGHT.

FRAIL, lovely lamp of workmanship divine,  
Some ruthless hand hath quenched thy gleaming light;  
No flush of pink now stains the marble white  
Of thy cold, sculptured form. Harsh Death, 'twas thine  
To work this wanton deed. Thou gavest no sign;  
But with one breath hast wrought for me such blight  
As Time can ne'er undo. Thou 'st doomed to night

The life whereon that pure, clear flame did shine;  
On radiant reach of some fair heavenly slope,  
The light here quenched now gloweth like a star.  
Death hath no foothold in that realm, whose scope  
God's angels scarce do know, and naught can mar  
The beauteous flame; while I in anguish grope  
O'er paths unlit and ways that darkened are.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.

## AMERICAN MANNERS.

NOTHING is more common than criticism of American manners, the causes assigned for their shortcomings being as various as the complaints are loud and frequent. One censor attributes all faults of decorum to the American's want of reverence, another to his lack of leisure; still a third finds a cause in his unpicturesque costume, and, with a fond glance backward at knee-breeches and lace ruff, holds the modern trousers and stiff linen responsible for the evils.

In all these cases there is an assumed disorder, the source of which is sought. That is, American manners are assumed to be bad manners, and society is probed to find the origin thereof. The search reminds one of the story of the wise men puzzling their heads over the problem why a jar of water weighed no more after the fish was put in than before. It was a long time before any one suggested that the jar be weighed to see whether the case was truly stated, whether the jar actually did weigh no more with the fish than without it.

We propose to ask in the outset: Are American manners bad, and, if so, in what respects? What, in the first place, is the standard of comparison? Pressing the question closely, we shall be apt to hear a good deal about "gentlemen of the old school," about a "queenly carriage," "courtly grace," etc., with perhaps some references to "the good old times when George the Third was king"—from which we may infer that English society in the latter half of the last century presents itself as one model of *politesse*. If we accept this as the only or the best model of manners, we must resign at once any claim for our own time and country. The sweeping courtesy, the studied obeisance, the quaint ceremonials of those days are out of date; no one now attaches the same importance to the exact angle of the feet and elbows on entering a room; the "Art of being Easy at all Times and in all Places," the most popular work of the time, is now out of print. Along with these traditions, however, have come down to us other traditions also, which leave no doubt that this same imposing "gentleman of the old school," this model of deportment in the presence of ladies, or under the tranquilizing influences of a state dinner, sometimes used very ugly words when with those of his own sex alone, and it is quite certain that even that pattern of all the feminine graces and accomplishments of her time, the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was not wholly without reproach in the private relations of life.

Evidently, to consider the subject at all, we must first come to some sort of definition. We must know what we mean by manners before we can classify them as good or bad. In the first place, I think we must discard the Sunday-school theory that good manners are synonymous with certain virtues, as unselfishness, amiability, consideration for others and the like. Had I not long seen its fallacy, I could have had no more convincing proof of it than has come to me during the present writing. A gentleman called on me, who commands my entire respect, both by reason of his able mind and his generous heart. Nay, more than this. When I think of the perseverance by which he has gained an education, despite of poverty, discouragement and difficulties of various kinds; of the industry by which, though still young, he has made for himself a place in his profession; of his goodness of heart toward the unfortunate and

sorrowful, my respect quickens into admiration. Yet this man of true and tender soul, calling upon an errand which did credit to both head and heart, stood before me with his hat on his head and his hands in his pockets; and, when I had arranged to go with him at an appointed hour to co-operate in his benevolent mission, asked me "if it would be too much out of the way for me to call at his office!"

On the other hand, a gentleman (so-called), whom I have every reason to believe is a veritable scoundrel, places a chair for me with a grace that I have never seen equaled, and says "good morning, madam," with such *empressement* that I feel like a princess for many hours thereafter. And this man of the gracious mien but wicked heart finds a welcome in society, and really good society, too, where my noble friend, if invited at all, would be laughed at, except by the few that know him well enough to forgive his blunders.

Neither are fine manners synonymous with talent or education. You shall see the scholar of wide and accurate knowledge abashed and ill at ease the moment he leaves his study, while a mere simpleton will have the air of *savoir faire* in every situation.

Plainly, this thing, which is neither virtue nor wisdom, but which, more than either, is the passport to the "best" society, is not of trifling import; but while always instantly recognizable, it is nevertheless so impalpable as almost to elude definition. Perhaps we can get no nearer to a definition than by saying that manner being the deportment of one person toward other persons, fine manners consist in *suitableness*. A really fine manner is susceptible of infinite shades and gradations, but each suitable to the time, place and person. A manner which is suitable in addressing a person of twenty years of age is not suitable toward one seventy years old. A gentleman does not address a lady with the same familiarity that he uses toward one of his own sex; a tone which is proper from a parent to a child is not proper from a child to a parent. An obtuseness as to the relations of things is the mainspring of bad manners, and makes life, for some people, one long, unconscious impropriety.

Suitableness, then, being the test of manners, we may apply it to ourselves and ask, Are our manners suitable to the age and to our social atmosphere? If we are to compare American manners with English manners, for example, we must first compare the two societies. In so doing, four important differences are at once apparent:

First. In this country there are no distinctions of rank; no titles of duke, earl, baron, knight, esquire, etc., and, consequently, no code prescribing with as much exactness as the number of pints in a quart or ounces in a pound, the exact amount of reverence due one man from another.

Secondly. The American man, unlike the Englishman, attaches small importance to etiquette and social forms; consequently, here, much more than there, society is in the hands of women.

Thirdly. In this country young people step upon the social stage at a much earlier age, and there is far greater freedom allowed them.

Fourthly. There is a vast difference in the home atmosphere of the two countries; there, the relation of

parent and child being one of authority and deference; here, one of mutual good-fellowship.

For all these reasons, social intercourse is far less formal here than in England. Richard Grant White tells of an American who went to England, honestly desirous of getting acquainted with English people, whose design was completely frustrated by the kind letters of introduction he carried with him. He found that the presentation of one of these letters meant invariably an invitation to a very grand and ceremonious dinner, and there an end. In despair he said, "I don't want their dinners; I want *them*," and kept his remaining letters in his pocket. Had the case been reversed, and an Englishman presented similar letters here, he would very likely have found himself taken home to a mid-day family dinner, without ceremony or announcement; afterward, *pater familias* having hastened back to his office or counting-room, the guest would have had an hour's friendly talk with the ladies of the household, or the pretty daughter would have taken him to drive; then, if he had shown himself worthy, he would have been invited to come and pass an evening quietly or with friends, at his option. What manner can be more pleasing to a stranger than this which makes him feel instantly at home! And what hospitality can be finer than this which bears evidence of disturbing in no way the usual easy household ways!

We can well conceive the astonishment of the Prince Regent when, being a little slow in beginning the conversation after being introduced to the American belle, she said: "They say I am not to speak to you unless you speak to me; is that so?" This was not pertness on her part. If his highness was embarrassed, as, being a man, he might be expected to be, it was her place, as a woman, to put him at his ease; nor, had there been occasion, would she have hesitated to add any words of advice upon his public or private duties that might have occurred to her. Why should she not? For society is her realm, wherein she is the absolute ruler, making its laws and enforcing them.

One may learn Greek or the planetary laws late in life,

but a fine manner, like the correct use of one's mother tongue, comes only from early and habitual intercourse with refined people. In America, nurseries and governesses being the exception, children out of school hours are admitted to the society of the elders of the family. Such association is the best possible school of that tone and manner which we call "well-bred;" a child thus favored will possess a diction and a facility of expression impossible to acquire by study in later life; it learns, with some tact and patience on the part of parents, that most graceful of arts, the art of listening.

The rudest family of children I have ever known were the children of some wealthy English parents living at a fine place on the Hudson. Until quite well grown they met their parents and parents' guests at table only once in the week, at the Sunday dinner; and they were on much closer terms of intimacy with nurse, servants and governess than with either father or mother.

By contrast with these children I recall the charming courtesy of a little fellow of ten, accustomed to share in the hospitalities of his father's modest home. Seeing me coming one day he ran to open the gate and relieve me of the large books I carried. I told him he might take one, but more would be too heavy. "Pray, allow me," he said, gently taking the whole burden.

"Happy is the man," says Richter, "who reverences all women because he first learned to worship his own mother." In that home where the mother is centre and authority—in that society where woman is the ruler and lawgiver—there shall you find men of the comeliest manners. Such is the rule of the American home and of American society. Therefore, too, as a rule, the real spirit of chivalry, that obligation by which the mediæval knight bound himself to the service, protection and defense of some lady fair, has nowhere else so close a parallel in modern times as in the relations of American manhood to American womanhood. For the exceptions women are themselves to blame.

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

## ONE MAN AND ONE WOMAN.

THE mountains nurse the Man to life,  
His soul is fed with storms,  
And Nature's rugged forces lend  
His heart and brain their forms.  
He star-ward grows and God-ward; climbs  
To peaks that touch the skies,  
And far below him lie the vales  
Whence silver mists arise.

But in the mist-clad valley wakes  
The tender Woman soul;  
Sweet influences of bird and flower  
Her pulsing veins control.  
She walks her own sweet way, but finds—  
Scarce knowing why—her eyes  
Uplift at times toward the peaks  
That touch the far-off skies.

He feels, afar, his bosom thrill  
With longing strange and sweet,  
And musing plucks the little flower  
That blossoms at his feet;  
He yearns amid his hurrying clouds;  
He feels across his sleep  
A nestling head upon his breast—  
And all his pulses leap.

God wills it. Love doth calmly wait  
In her abiding-place,  
Till Strength shall leave his lofty hills  
To look upon her face.  
Yea, all God's miracles are great—  
Birth, death, woe, gladness, pain—  
But greatest that sweet marvel wrought  
By His "Be One, ye Twain!"

MOLLIE E. MOORE.



## THE HOUSEHOLD—HOW?

"DRAINAGE is for the rich," a correspondent wrote the other day. "They can submit to plumbing extortions calmly; but how about the people with small incomes and equally strong desires for perfection? Are there any rules that will help them out, supposing that water is suspected and the drain of the present establishment a surface one near the well?"

The inclination is to answer such a correspondent in some old words, very applicable to many conditions in the homes of to-day: "Flee to the mountains; look not behind you." But even on the mountain, unless one selects the very top, there is still danger that the drain of the neighbor just above will undo all one's own precautions. There must be some general rules for all, and these are very few and simple, requiring no great expenditure of either time or money.

In the first place, all suspected water can be boiled, though neither boiled water nor boiled germs are a particularly fascinating drink.

In the second place, if one is too poor to have a drain made long enough and tight enough to carry every drop of refuse water to a safe distance from the house, there is another plan. Have a large tub or barrel standing on a wheelbarrow or small cart, and into this pour every drop of dirty water, wheeling it when full to orchard or garden, where it will enrich the soil and make a return, not in disease and death, but in sound fruit and vegetables. If there is a well, let it have certainly a roof, and, if possible, a lattice-work around it to keep out flying leaves, dust, etc. A door can be cut in the side of such lattice, which will admit air fully, though not stray mice, kittens and frogs, the essence and tincture of which we sometimes drink.

In the third place, allow no open cesspool or surface drain to poison either air or water about the house. Sink it at the right distance from the house, and connected with it by a drain so tight that the contents cannot escape. And for all such pools, whether in town or country, one rule is absolute. Let every drain entering it be thoroughly trapped, and a ventilating shaft be added, so that none of the gas, always forming, can find its way back into the house. This shaft is of vital importance, as such gas when formed, if it cannot at once escape, condenses and becomes a cold, creeping, intense poison, slower in action but no less fatal than prussic acid or strychnine.

If the cesspool cannot be an elaborate brick-lined cistern, then it *can* be an old hogshead, thoroughly tarred within and without, and sunk in the ground, and in either case it is, in country life, one of the most essential adjuncts to a fine garden. No richer fertilizer is known, and there are great market-gardens near London treated with sewage and yielding enormous crops, which but a few years ago were barren and unproductive wastes. To use such a pool to best advantage, it is worth while to make a pile of all decaying vegetable matter, leaves, weeds, etc.—give burial-place in it to all dead cats or hens, and wet it at intervals with liquid from the cesspool.

Having been mistress of such a pile, I know it to be a less unpleasant task than it sounds, and in the use of all waste material in this manner, we fulfil the great agricultural duty of mankind—to return to the soil as fertilizers all the salts produced by the combustion of food in the human body.

For those who live in cities the water-supply, of course, comes from a common reservoir, and over that we have no control. But we can see that, once in the house, every water and waste-pipe is in the most perfect condition; that the best and most scientific traps and other methods of preventing the escape of sewer-gas into our houses are pro-

vided; that every stationary washstand or basin has the plug always in it, and at night, when infection is most insidious, a little water left standing in each. Every water-closet should also have a ventilating pipe or shaft, high enough to carry off all gases. Add to all this the frequent use, especially in summer, of simple disinfectants, chloride of lime, carbolic acid or a solution of copperas.

Absolute cleanliness for all seasons completes the list of rules. And if any thought has entered that much of this is a man's work, it being his business alone to attend to cellars and cesspools and all the other "horrid things no lady should touch," dismiss it at once, for only a lady can do such work thoroughly. Men are much more willing to pay doctors' bills than to spare any time from business toward overlooking drains. Moreover, in many men, the sense of smell is blunted or half-destroyed by the combination of tobacco-smoke and stale air in which many seem entirely content to spend the working-hours of the day, and thus only woman's more sensitive nose can test truly the presence of objectionable odors. Smell alone, however, is not to be trusted, furnaces doing their work toward vitiating the air as thoroughly as tobacco; not because they are furnaces, but because no suitable arrangements for free ventilation accompany them.

For every woman who has or expects to have a home is the duty of learning the simple laws of both ventilation and drainage. Let the location of every drain in the establishment be marked out, and then insist upon its being kept, relatively, as clean as the china in daily use. And if it seem a disagreeable, even detestable, necessity, be sure that nothing which can make life *better* can be either common or unclean. Before either literature or art, or any pursuit or study meaning or creating love of the beautiful and noble in either, must come the knowledge which alone has power to make life itself beautiful and noble—the knowledge of every law that must govern body and soul.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." The old saying may be amended—cleanliness *is* godliness; for it is certain that whoever has learned it, not only for body, but for everything in which that body must have its being, has mastered many problems, and is already cultured beyond any attainment that godliness without cleanliness can hold.

### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"A GENTLEMAN calls on a lady, and she ushers him into the drawing-room. On entering the room which should take precedence, the lady or the gentleman?"

*Ans.*—The lady always. She precedes her guest and shows him the way, if she has occasion to conduct him from one room to another.

"WILL you please state through your paper in what way a lady should address a gentleman in writing? Should it be 'My Dear Mr. Brown,' or 'My Dear Dr. Jones?' Would the above be preferable to 'Mr. Brown, Dear Sir,' or 'Dr. Jones, Dear Sir?' You will oblige a

NEW SUBSCRIBER, Auburn, N. Y."

*Ans.*—If not well known, the latter form is preferable. If a slight acquaintance, "Dear Mr. Jones;" if well known, "My Dear," etc., is in order.

"A gentleman wishes to know whether etiquette requires him to send in more than one card if there is more than one lady receiving—as, for instance, in the case of New Year calls. If five or six are receiving should he send a card to each? Also, is it good taste to have an appropriate greeting engraved on the card, or only have his name? Also, if more than one gentleman calls should they have separate cards, or their names engraved on the one card? By answering the above you will oblige, yours respectfully,

R."

*Ans.*—A card for the hostess is sufficient. A plain one is always in better taste. Each gentleman should send his own card in.

"THERE is a remedy for rats which does not 'poison the entire family.' If directions are strictly followed in the use of a 'rat exterminator' by name 'Rough on Rats,' it will work. I have tried it, and experienced safe and satisfactory results. They do not die in the house, but it drives them from our dwelling. E. E. B., Canaan Centre."

HELEN CAMPBELL.



To observers of human combinations, be they social, civil or ecclesiastical, there is no more fascinating and instructive study than that wonderful society known to certain Anglican brethren as "Our Sister Church of Rome." Protestants differ widely in their estimate of the Catholic future in America. Hatred, fear and distrust are specifications in the count against it; but when the question of education is considered, a new element at once presents itself. There is now before the church authorities a proposition looking to the establishment of a great Roman Catholic University, intended to equal or surpass Yale and Harvard in point of size, endowment and general scope. If, as seems to be accepted, this scheme should be carried out, it may as well be taken as a foregone conclusion that the work will be well done. The Mother Church has, during the long centuries of her existence, gained consummate skill in the management of such enterprises. She will take her time about it. She will gather contributions in the shape of dimes and half dimes from a million sources, and she will not scorn to accept Protestant aid, should such be offered. All the complicated machinery of her vast organism will work smoothly and with certainty to the desired end, and it is not at all improbable that, should she bend her energies to the task, the close of the century may see on the banks of the Hudson an establishment that shall do her honor in the eyes of the world. She has ecclesiastical schools already. The ancient Jesuit College at Georgetown is fully described in the present number of *THE CONTINENT*, and others exist in various parts of the country, which supply her needs in this direction. But though she has numerous preparatory schools, she lacks as yet a lay college where young men may obtain a finished higher education under ecclesiastical supervision. To many Protestants this scheme will seem pregnant with danger; but if it has come to this, that Protestantism has anything to fear from the spread of intelligence, it is high time that Protestants study the signs of the times. If it be objected that the education acquired in such a college will be sectarian in the worst sense, the reply may be to the effect that, if the instruction be not as good as is imparted elsewhere, the inferiority will soon be apparent in the equipment of graduates for their life-work; while, on the other hand, if it be better, the Protestant colleges must look to their laurels.

UNLESS some unlooked-for change takes place in our social conditions, we shall, before many years, be burdened with a very useless type of young man, in numbers sufficiently formidable to give him far more influence than he deserves. When wealth accumulates and concentrates as it is now doing in this country, the class which is not obliged to work for its living naturally increases in numbers. The father who has earned his own way to fortune, sends his boys to college, usually gives them too much spending money, and expects them, after graduation and two or three years of European travel, to take their places in the counting-house and become steady workers. That he is often disappointed we all know. The boys, now

grown to young manhood, have enjoyed themselves too well in idleness to take kindly to regular hours at desk or counter. When the old folks are gathered to their fathers, there is usually in the case of large fortunes an assured income large enough for all reasonable and often for many unreasonable needs, which can be had simply for the trouble of drawing checks or getting coupons cut off and cashed at the banker's. That the class of utterly good-for-nothing idlers is not already larger, speaks well for our republican influences, but at best it is too large, and must, in the nature of things, increase, unless something can be done to check its development. One mistake that is made on the part of parents is that they expect their children to adopt the same line of work in which their own successes have been achieved, forgetting that this may not be calculated to attract them or afford them congenial occupation. It is a mistake, too, for every man who has an independent fortune to assume that he must needs engage in a fixed commercial or professional career. Why should one who has ample means secured to him through safe dividend-paying investments do work which some poor man can do as well and earn his living thereby? Wealthy men have no business still further to crowd markets that are already over-crowded. If one has a special gift, and can do a certain thing better than any one else can, let him do it. He may find abundant employment in supervision and organization. Why should he do mere routine work when there are so many needy young fellows who can do it quite as well?

But supposing this rich young fellow has no talent for supervision, or has nothing to supervise—nothing, in short, but his income to spend. What shall he do with his time? To one who hates idleness and has abundant natural resources for the employment of all the spare time he can command, such a question seems absurd. But it is by no means absurd in the eyes of a matured cub who has dawdled his way through school and college, and has never given his supposed mind to anything more profound than making up a betting book. There lies the trouble—those long years nominally devoted to education! If the lad falls under influences which stimulate his intellect and develop his natural bent, his after life will not stretch out in an endless perspective of years which he knows not what to do with. Has he but a love for horses, let him have his stock farm and improve the breed. Very likely he will spend a good deal of his time on or near the race track, but at least the stock farm is a redeeming feature in his career. Has he mechanical or scientific tastes, there are unexplored lines of investigation which only await the encouragement of capital to develop untold wonders of discovery. Is he literary, there are a thousand ways in which he can employ his time in research and publication, ways which will give remunerative employment to others of like tastes. Is he a philanthropist, he can hardly take up a newspaper that does not offer suggestions. Let him, for example, interest himself in founding a society whose object shall be to help ex-convicts in earning an honest livelihood. Does he love the sea, let him keep his yacht, and instead of making aimless voyages

for pleasure, let him correct soundings, report errors in charts and try experiments in navigation or marine architecture. Then there is politics—but this, in its present condition, does not offer a very alluring field. Still, to one who has a turn for statecraft, it presents noble opportunities for honorable effort. In all these ways and a hundred others, a young man who is good for anything at all may find employment for himself and others, and may keep his money moving in ways that will, upon the whole, make the world better.

Of course there will always be some who are capable of nothing beyond faultless attire, the exertion of sitting in club windows and hanging about the play-houses and pool-rooms. For these, perhaps, there is no hope, save that they will go to ruin as swiftly as possible. They cannot be made boys again and re-educated, and except there befalls a most unusual awakening of spirit and physique, they are emphatically "no good." The whole matter depends upon early training. If that cultivates manly virtues, no income can be too large. If the reverse be the case, no amount of preaching can ordinarily avail.

THERE is hardly an American author of the past generation whose personality is so completely hidden as that of Cooper. His novels are in greater demand to-day than even in their first popularity, but the readers of to-day have no memory of the bitter libel suits and the intolerant criticism of American manners and customs that made him in his time one of the best-hated men of letters since Swift. For this state of things Cooper is himself responsible, one of his last injunctions to his family having been that they should "authorize no biography." For twenty years and more this injunction has stood in the way of all right comprehension of the man, and it is still sufficiently binding to render unavailable the sources of information to which a historian would most naturally resort.

In the present biography<sup>1</sup> Professor Lounsbury has had to depend on old newspaper files and the recollections of contemporaries for the facts of Cooper's life, and thus the reader is prepared to expect little. He or she will be curiously disappointed. Nothing more perfect in the form of biography has been given for long. It is accurate in every fact, no matter how prejudicial, yet absolutely impartial. The style is delightful. A subtle humor runs through the whole, and the natural and inseparable accompaniment of all real humor—sympathy, understanding and a quiet friendliness. Many writers of fiction may envy Professor Lounsbury's methods of dealing with his subject, which he has made as fascinating as any of the romances that retain their hold on the popular heart in England and France, as well as at home.

The fighting qualities of the old Norsemen struggled through life with the peaceful Quaker tendencies which were also his inheritance, the father being of this faith and the mother of Swedish descent. Twelve children came to the pair, Cooper being the eleventh, his birth taking place in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15th, 1789. At thirteen he had entered Yale, but a boyish frolic caused his suspension, and, instead of graduating in the class of 1806, he went on a voyage to the Mediterranean as a sailor before the mast. He became, two years later, a midshipman in the navy, and served two years, gaining thus all the minute knowledge of sea-life utilized in many of his novels. His naval career ended suddenly in 1810 in another service. He met and loved Miss De Lancy, a daughter of the well-known John Peter De Lancy, and was married January 1, 1811, his bride being nineteen and he just twenty-one. This marriage was singularly happy and fortunate. "It seldom falls to the lot of the biographer to record a home-life more serene and happy than that

which fell to the share of the man whose literary life is the gloomiest to be found in the history of American Men of Letters. Cooper, like many persons of fiery temperament and strong will, was very easily managed through his affections."

His first novel was the result of pure accident, if anything can be said to be accidental. One day while reading to his wife a novel on English life which he did not like, he laid down the book suddenly, saying, "I believe I could write a better story myself." His wife challenged him to attempt it, encouraged him steadily through the composition, and the result was "Precaution." "The Spy" followed in 1821, its success being immediate, and from that time on there was no break in his literary activity, nearly a hundred volumes having been published.

The reader must go to the clear and vivid pages of the biography for the story of the busy years that followed, each one unfortunately more and more full of the aggressive spirit which led him into unending broils. No man was ever more misunderstood, and no man ever better deserved such fate. He had a positive genius for saying the wrong thing. As one of his friends said of him, "he rubbed down all hurt shins with brickbats." Proud, sensitive, intensely truthful and intensely patriotic, he succeeded in impressing himself upon his own time as a man of petty vanity, selfish and unfeeling, with actual contempt and loathing for his country and its institutions. The analysis and summary of his motives and actions and their results is one of the most striking portions of the brilliant narrative, and keenly as the work is done the sense of the underlying pathos is given in full. Every page has some characteristic and quotable passage, the closing paragraphs being all for which room can be found:

"The fearlessness and the truthfulness of his nature are conspicuous in almost every incident of his career. He fought for a principle as desperately as other men fight for life. The storm of detraction through which he went never once shook the almost haughty independence of his conduct, or swerved him in the slightest from the course he had chosen. The only thing to which he unquestioningly submitted was the truth. His loyalty to that was of a kind almost Quixotic. He was in later years dissatisfied with himself, because, in his novel of 'The Pilot,' he had put the character of Paul Jones too high. He thought that the hero had been credited in that work with loftier motives than those by which he was actually animated. Feelings such as these formed the groundwork of his character, and made him intolerant of the devious ways of many who were satisfied with conforming to a lower code of morality. There was a royalty in his nature that disdained even the semblance of deceit. With other authors one feels that the man is inferior to his work. With him it is the very reverse. High qualities, such as these, so different from the easy-going virtues of common men, are more than an offset to infirmities of temper, to unfairness of judgment, or to unwisdom of conduct. His life was the best answer to many of the charges brought against his country and his countrymen; for whatever he may have fancied, the hostility he encountered was due far less to the matter of his criticisms than to their manner. Against the common cant, that in republican governments the tyranny of public sentiment will always bring conduct to the same monotonous level, and opinion to the same subservient uniformity, democracy can point to this dauntless son who never flinched from any course because it brought odium, who never flattered popular prejudices, and who never truckled to a popular cry. America has had among her representatives of the irritable race of writers many who have shown far more ability to get on pleasantly with their fellows than Cooper. She has had several gifted with higher spiritual insight than he, with broader and juster views of life, with finer ideals of literary art, and, above all, with far greater delicacy of taste; but she counts on the scanty roll of her men of letters the name of no one who acted from purer patriotism or loftier principle. She finds among them all no manlier nature and no more heroic soul."

MUSICIANS will thank Mr. Stephens for preserving in his paper on the Seminoles a local song, as performed in the Everglades. A metrical translation is now in order.

(1) JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. By Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury. With Portrait. 12mo, pp. 306, \$1.25. (American Men of Letters Series). Houghton, Mifflin & Co.





So great is the enthusiasm over Mr. Howells' new novel that a supplementary edition of *The Century* for February was called for and promptly issued.

AN interesting issue of the Franklin Square Library is a collection of "Character Readings from George Eliot," arranged by Nathan Shepard, which lose less by their separation from the context than would be expected.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. are to be the publishers of Thurlow Weed's autobiography, the preparation of which occupied all the later years of his life, and which is being arranged for the press by his daughter and grandson.

THE CENTURY COMPANY are to issue an American edition of the "Imperial Dictionary," long a standard in England, and the revision necessary is to be done by Professor Whitney, of Yale. Much new matter will be added. An edition for those who prefer it in its present form will be issued in March.

"LATINE," the little magazine edited by Professor Shumway, and designed to increase not only interest in the language but facility in acquiring it, has found many friends. The February number contains "Pliny's Ghost Story," with colloquial exercises, and various other selections and arrangements.

"THE SANITARY NEWS," of Chicago, though not much beyond its infancy, gives promise of very vigorous and profitable life. It speaks well for the culture of Chicago that a special journal so well printed and bright should find support there, and its literary tone is high enough to make it very agreeable as well as profitable reading.

THE "World's Cyclopedia of Biography," published by John B. Alden, of New York, differs from ordinary compilations of this nature, in that it is made up of lives written by eminent authors, and having real literary value. The fourth volume contains E. Paxton Hood's "Life of Cromwell," and as this in its usual form sells at \$3.00, the price of seventy cents for the volume is at least not exorbitant. Mr. Alden announces that the work is not "pirated," but that every author receives a fair consideration for his labor.

ONE of the gentlest and most pleasing stories for girls recently printed is found in "Ruth Eliot's Dream," by Mary Lakeman. Ruth is one of a gay party of girls who in the opening chapter give their hopes and dreams of the life they are just entering upon. It is the inner life that is given, rather than varied outward experience; and while the little story follows the fortunes of them all, the interest centres in Ruth's own aspirations and struggles. Her dream passes, but memory and hope remain, and one is sure that happy life must and will be her portion. (16mo, pp. 270, \$1.00; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

THERE are certain books as indispensable almost to the literary worker as the dictionary, and that are of use to any reader who seeks to understand thoroughly unfamiliar allusions or quotations. Among these must rank "The Reader's Hand-Book of Allusions, References, Plots and Stories," by the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. The present edition has two appendices, and the summaries and definitions have not only brevity but something which is seldom associated with brevity—a real charm of style, a felicitous way of putting things that is very unexpected

and often very charming. (8vo, pp. 1170, \$3.50; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

HENRY HOLT & Co. have done an excellent thing for the busy readers who can only taste and have no time for prolonged study, in issuing an edition of Robert Browning's "Lyrical and Dramatic Poems." The selections are prefaced by E. C. Stedman's brilliant essay, included in his "Victorian Poets," and the whole has been carefully edited by Edward T. Mason. That one should miss a few favorites that would naturally seem to find place here, is always the experience with any collection; but Mr. Mason's gives on the whole a just idea of Browning's power in this direction. The make-up of the book is unexceptionable. (16mo, pp. 275, \$2.00).

MRS. ESTHER J. TRIMBLE LIPPINCOTT'S "Chart of General Literature" has already been widely adopted in schools, and her latest work, "A Handbook of English and American Literature," is equally worthy of success. She outlines a course divided into seventeen chapters, each chapter representing an era, and the methods of study suggested are likely to stimulate interest in even the most sluggish pupil. The final part is, however, crowded and very incomplete, leaving the impression on the reader's mind that the author lost patience, or was too hurried to amend slips and imperfections. Aside from this, the book is carefully printed and a most attractive text-book. (12mo, pp. 518, \$1.50; Eldredge & Brother, Philadelphia).

THE little volume of "Poems" by Henry Peterson includes "The Modern Job," a drama, which attracted wide attention on its appearance in 1869. It is as thinker rather than poet that the author must rank, though he writes smoothly and easily, and here and there gives lines of real poetic beauty and value. Judas, in "The Modern Job," is a powerfully-drawn and tragic figure, and the interview or vision in which Michael the Archangel and Satan appear is a strong and singularly interesting one. It is as the formulation of deep and earnest thought on many problems of the day that the book most deserves attention, and no one can fail to profit by many of the conclusions reached. (16mo, pp. 227, \$1.00; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

"RACHEL'S SHARE OF THE ROAD," the latest volume in the Round-Robin series, is, in many points, the most important one of the list. It is a sober story, dealing with a great problem of the day, for Rachel is the daughter of a railroad magnate, and her "share of the road," at first only the luxury of all great wealth, comes to mean an intimate knowledge of the condition of its employés, and the many sad phases of the labor question. In her researches into this and her direct personal dealing with the men, she finds an escape from a marriage that would have held only disappointment. The rich lover finds his suit hopeless, and the poor one, after a rather melodramatic rescue from floating ice, gains courage to plead his cause, and is successful. The slight vein of humor is supplied by Mrs. Shackles, who "won't beg," but attains her purposes by gentle hints, and the little book leaves the impression of very noble and genuine characters, well if not elaborately drawn. (16mo, pp. 331, \$1.00; J. R. Osgood & Co.).

THE *Art Interchange* not only offers to its steadily increasing circle of readers the best thought on every question in its field of work, but adds more minute suggestion and direction than can be given in the limits of the paper in the shape of elaborate Art Manuals, the publication of which was begun in 1881, and the various numbers of which form a system of instruction which has as yet no rival that can fill its place. The series is edited by Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, whose work has done as much toward the development of industrial art education in this country as the combined forces of South Kensington are doing for England, and each number contains carefully prepared supplements, with designs for the work under

discussion. The twelve numbers include Ceramic Painting, Tapestry or Dye Painting, Wood Carving, Outline Embroidery, Leather Work, Decorative Oil Painting, Filled-in Embroidery, Repoussé Work, Stenciling, Drawing and Decorative Design, Papier-Maché, Modeling in Clay and Underglaze Faience Decoration. (Set, \$3.00; single numbers, 30 cents.)

### NEW BOOKS.

A HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. Historical and Critical. With illustrations of the Writings of each Successive Period. For the use of Schools and Academies. By Esther J. Trimble. 12mo, pp. 518, \$1.50. Eldredge & Brother, Philadelphia.

A METHOD OF TEACHING THE GREEK LANGUAGE, TABULATED. Together with Directions for Pronouncing Greek, Rules of Accent, etc. By John Wentworth Sanborn. Paper, pp. 44, 30 cents. Published by the Author, Batavia, N. Y.

TRIBUTES OF HAWAIIAN VERSE. Published by Thomas G. Thrum, Honolulu, 1882.

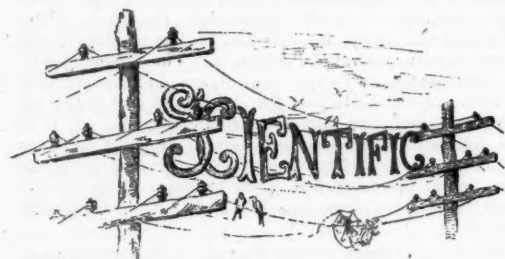
COLLEGE VERSES. Compiled by the Berkleyan Stock Company. 18mo, pp. 112, \$1.00. California Publishing Co.

A BREEZE FROM THE WOODS. By W. C. Bartlett. Second Edition. 12mo, pp. 255, \$1.25. California Publishing Co.

A STUDY OF MARIA EDGEWORTH. With Notices of Her Father and Friends. By Grace A. Oliver. Third Edition. 12mo, pp. 571, \$2.25. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

TIMOTHY, HIS NEIGHBORS AND HIS FRIENDS. By Mrs. Mary E. Ireland. 12mo, pp. 292, \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WHIST OR BUMBLEPUFFY? Ten Lectures Addressed to Children. By Pembridge. 16mo, pp. 89, 50 cents. Roberts Brothers, Boston.



CRYSTALS of quartz containing cavities filled with fluids and gases are not uncommon, though the crystals having such cavities plainly visible to the naked eye are rarely found. The quartz crystals from Western North Carolina have attained wide celebrity from the fact that the cavities are of remarkable size. In some cases they were wholly unprecedented. Over four hundred pounds of choice quartz crystals were obtained from one "pocket," besides a number of emeralds. When the smoky crystals were first found, they were noticed to contain many cavities, seemingly filled with a very clear and lustrous fluid. The cavities enclosed in these crystals were of remarkable size and quantity. The longest cavity noticed was nearly *two and one-half inches* long and one quarter of an inch wide. Cavities of one inch were not uncommon, while those of one quarter inch and less were, in truth, without number. Many of the crystals seemed to be made up almost wholly of cavities, whose walls were barely thick enough to keep them separated. Many hundred, plainly visible to the unaided eye, could have been counted in a single crystal. For some time after these crystals were removed from the pocket no bubbles were noticed in any of the cavities. Some peculiar condition of the crystal or of the atmosphere, then existing, probably prevented their formation. Later the bubbles appeared in great numbers. A few of the crystals were, as water-bearing crystals, very remarkable in size. One weighed nearly twenty-five pounds, had both ends terminated, was of a dark brown color, and as beautiful as any found in any locality. All the water-bearing crystals were large—none less than two inches in

diameter—and many of over three pounds in weight. The interesting phenomena observed in these crystals did not occur until some time after their discovery. The best crystals of the "find" were carefully selected and placed where they were considered to be safe—safe, at least, from molestation. It did not occur to the owner that the weather could in any way affect them. During the night following the mercury unexpectedly descended below the freezing-point. About midnight he heard over a dozen sharp reports, like the explosion of gun-caps. Upon making examination in the morning, he found there remained only a few sharp fragments of quartz upon the table where the magnificent crystals had been resting. Pieces of the crystals, large and small, were found even fifteen feet away. The cold had caused the water in the cavities to freeze, consequently to expand, and then burst the crystals. Those with few cavities had burst, scattering large fragments, widely separated, while those containing minute cavities lay as a heap of small fragments, frozen together in a *coherent mass*. This last feature is of value to science, since it shows conclusively the abundance of the fluid included, and also, what is of more importance, that this cementing ice was formed either directly from the fluids in the crystals, or by the influences which they exerted. As the room in which they were was a dark one, the owner had all these masses and larger fragments carried out and placed in the sunlight, in order to examine them more carefully. His astonishment was great to notice that as soon as the rays of the sun touched them an ebullition commenced, which could be heard a few feet away. This ebullition continued for over an hour, subsiding as thawing progressed. In some of these masses a very distinct odor of sulphuretted hydrogen was observed, quite fugitive in some of the pieces, while persistent in others.

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THE New York Silk Exchange, at No. 27 Bond Street, has received from a Japanese firm a large number of silkworm eggs. They are pasted upon cards, about fourteen by twelve inches in size, each card containing about 20,000. The eggs are very small, and of a greenish-gray color. Each card is completely covered with them, so that to cut the card would destroy some of the eggs. One of the clerks in the Exchange said that the worms always laid their eggs in circles, and that the eggs adhered to whatever substance they were laid upon. The clerk was puzzled to know how the Japanese had got so many on one card, and also how they were to be removed. There were about 20,000,000 in the consignment, and they will be distributed gratis among American silk culturists. The managers of the Exchange say that the growing of silk-worms in this country is increasing rapidly, about one hundred letters being received by them every day asking for information and ordering books on silk culture.

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THE observations made by A. E. Verrill, of the United States Fish Commission, fully demonstrate that the western edge of the Gulf Stream is nearer the coast than it has hitherto been located on the charts. In summer, as is well known, it is nearer the coast than in winter, but this doubtless applies strictly to the surface water. His researches show that the warm belt in sixty-five to one hundred and twenty-five fathoms is inhabited by a peculiar southern fauna, that could not exist there if the Gulf Stream did not flow along this area at the bottom, both in winter and summer. But it is evident that what many of these species require is not a very high, but a nearly uniform temperature. Such an equable temperature cannot exist in this region, except under the direct and constant influence of the Gulf Stream.

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REGARDING the mode of life of the Scotch lake-dwellers, a fair idea of the food used by them can be gathered from

the reports of learned professors on a selection of osseous remains taken from the lake-dwellings at Dowalton, Lochlee and Buston. The Celtic short-horn, the so-called goat-horned sheep and a domestic breed of pigs were largely consumed. The horse was only scantily used. The number of bones and horns of the red deer and roe-buck showed that venison was by no means a rare addition to the list of their dietary. Among birds, only the goose has been identified, but this is no criterion of the extent of their encroachment on the feathered tribe, as only the larger bones were collected and reported upon. To this bill of fare the occupiers of these lake-dwellings, being comparatively near the sea, added several kinds of shell-fish. In all the lake-dwellings broken shells of hazel-nuts were found.

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In a recent paper to the Belgian Academy, the writer seeks to explain the calming influence of oil on rough water, in accordance with principles laid down, that whenever a liquid mass in motion acquires rapidly a free surface, more or less, there is developed a growing quantity of potential energy at the expense of the kinetic energy of the mass, and reciprocally to a rapid diminution of free surface corresponds always an increase of kinetic energy. Oil hinders the successive superposition of liquid layers, and so the increase of the kinetic energy of the liquid mass. Floating bodies of various kinds (branches, seaweed, ice-crystals, etc.) have a similar action. Immediately after the gliding of a very small number of liquid layers over them, they obey the thrust that brings them to the surface, and so render impossible the increase of kinetic energy corresponding to loss of potential energy of a large number of superposed layers.

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THE common tamarisk is a heath-leaved shrub found on the southern coast of England and the coasts of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. It or an allied species is common in the Peninsula of Sinai. Its stems are punctured by a small insect of the cynips family, from which a juice exudes, which hardens, and is collected by the Bedouin Arabs and made into cakes, and called manna. It is sweet, and consists of a mucilaginous sugar, and forms a small article of commerce at the present day. It is by some supposed to be the manna of the Israelites, but it does not in all points agree with the descriptions of that substance.

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THE inoculation of dogs with the virus of hydrophobia as a protection for society against that horrible malady, is urged by M. Pasteur, who for the past ten years has been experimenting with mad dogs. Animals inoculated successfully did not have a return of the disease, and therefore he thinks that a general and compulsory inoculation of dogs would save the world ultimately from exposure to hydrophobia.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

## REFERENCE CALENDAR.

THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

January 31.—A case of insubordination occurred at the U. S. Naval Academy, and a number of cadets were placed under close arrest.—The U. S. Senate confirmed James H. Cogshall to be U. S. Marshal for Rhode Island; also the following consuls: Albert Rhodes, of New York, at Elberfeld, Germany; Charles P. Williams, at Calais; Orson V. Taurley, of Minnesota, at Lelpsc; James E. Montgomery, of New York, at Trieste.—The Supreme Court rendered a decision declaring invalid the act of the New York Legislature of May 31, 1881, which imposes upon steamship companies a tax of one dollar for every alien passenger brought to New York from a foreign

port.—Earthquake shocks occurred in New Hampshire, Illinois, Spain and Hungary. . . Feb. 1.—A bill was passed in the French Chamber of Deputies prohibiting princes who profess to claim the throne from holding office, and permits the President to expel them from the country.—D. M. Sabin was elected U. S. Senator from Minnesota.—The pier of the Inman line of ocean steamers, in New York, was burned; loss, \$500,000.—Horatio N. Sherwood, U. S. postage stamp agent, died in New York. . . Feb. 2.—Professor George W. Greene, grandson of Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame, and author of several biographical and historical works, died, aged seventy-two years. . . Feb. 3.—Eight prisoners were arraigned in Dublin, charged with the murder of Lord Cavendish.—The House of Representatives passed the Senate bill favoring a World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exhibition next year.—Fires in Jersey City; Troy, N. Y., and Cleveland, Ohio, caused an aggregate loss of near \$250,000. . . Feb. 5.—Widespread damage caused by floods in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. . . Feb. 6.—Both branches of Congress adjourned out of respect to the memory of Representatives Updegraff, of Ohio, and Hawk, of Illinois.—The Czar of Russia issued an announcement that his coronation would take place in Moscow on May 27. . . Feb. 7.—The Senate confirmed Milton A. Edgar to be collector of customs at Perth Amboy, N. J.; Commodore Charles H. Baldwin to be rear-admiral, and Wyman L. Lincoln, of Iowa, Indian agent at Fort Belknap, Montana.

## THE DRAMA.

"YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP," at the close of its third month at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, received additional impetus by the addition of Miss Ada Dyas' name to the cast. She played "Mrs. Dick Chetwynd"—in which part Mrs. Agnes Booth received great praise—very successfully, and Mrs. Booth essayed the title-role most effectively.

THE Board of Managers of the Forrest Home in Philadelphia announced for sale by auction, lately, the stage wardrobe, silverware and table-service, diamonds, etc., of the late Edwin Forrest. Should not all these interesting mementos of one of the leading names in American theatrical annals have been preserved intact?

MR. LOUIS H. HATWARD, a son of one of the ablest lawyers of North Carolina, gives evidence of reaching as high a plane in the dramatic profession as his father has in the legal. For some three or four seasons past he has been filling important positions in traveling companies, and is about to begin a tour throughout his native state at the head of a company of ability. Mr. John Ellsler, the well-known Western manager and actor, says that Mr. Hayward's "Hamlet" is destined in time to rank among the great efforts of great names; which is high praise from such a source.

THE plot of the play which Mr. Oscar Wilde is said to have written for Miss Marie Prescott, shows more virility and intellectual power than anything with which the famous devotee of the lily has thus far seen fit to favor us. Vera, the heroine, is a Nihilist, and the story culminates in the last act by her being ordered by her circle to stab the Czar while he sleeps. As the Czarowitz, he had been a member of her circle and had loved her. He stays the hand as the dagger descends, renews his promises of reform of the government, as well as his protestations of love, and offers to share the throne with her. She hesitates—the crowd clamor outside for the proof of the murder, which is the dagger blood-stained. For her lover's sake she stabs herself, throws the dagger out to the crowd and falls dead.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT's latest Irish play, "The Amadan," was produced lately in Boston, with the author in the title-role, and proved successful. The drama, which is remindful of "The Colleen Bawn," describes the devotion of an imbecile boy to his mistress. The "sensation" scene is where the boy leads her to a cavern which is flooded at high tide, under the pretext that in this spot there exists proof that he is guilty of the murder which her lover stands accused. The author-actor was enthusiastically applauded, and received able support from the members of the Boston Museum stock company. "The Amadan" will be produced in New York, at the Manhattan (Wallack's old theatre), in a short time, where an extended run is anticipated for it.





## TO A POLICEMAN.

I

Oh, double-breasted claw,  
Of the law,  
With buttons down before,  
Twenty-four,  
And half as many more  
On your skirts, which touch the floor,  
And of bands of braiding *d'or*,  
Most a score.

II

Over books you do not pore,  
So your lore  
Causes not (which some deplore)  
*A furor*.  
But your club is *polished*, nor  
Do you show a fault or flaw,  
When you grasp it in your paw,  
And make war.

III

Unlike (thank God! *c'est mort*)  
Pinafore,  
Your exertions never score  
An encore.  
If anathemas I pour,  
'Tis because, like many more,  
I object to being aw-  
fully sore.

IV

Say with truth you immor-  
tally soar,  
And all falsehood you abhor  
To your core.

If you seek the "family door"  
Of yonder corner store,  
Say! oh, say, you thirst for gore—  
Nothing more.

V

The serving ladies a'  
Gaze with awe,  
On your manly form galore  
And adore,  
Until begins to gnaw  
The alleged green monster, for  
Love of you, affliction sore  
Long each bore.

VI

You're as brave as Cæsar or  
Old Hector,  
When the young malefactor  
In you draw.  
They beseech and they implore  
You their freedom to restore;  
Still you do not, though they roar,  
Care a straw.

VII

Though you cannot paddle o'er,  
Like friend Noah,  
With a stick of wood, an oar,  
To Fame's shore;  
Yet, as I remarked before,  
With your club, you brassy bore,  
You stand surely at the fore  
Of your corps.

H. C. F.

## Mittens.

PURE frost-winds on the winter's eve,  
You play among my lady's tresses,  
And pink as apple-blows you leave  
The cheeks that take your light caresses;  
But from her little hands begone!  
By you they'll not be kissed nor bitten,  
For over each is snugly drawn—  
A tiny pale-blue mitten.

The slender perfume-haunted glove  
Erstwhile that hid her lily fingers  
Is not the shield that most they love,  
Whereon a pressure longest lingers.  
More shy, confiding, tender, true,  
And softer than two curled-up kittens,  
Are those dear dainty twins of blue,  
My lady's little mittens.

Once at the play, when lights were low,  
And down had dropped the great green curtain,  
I took her hand; we turned to go;  
Her fingers clasped o'er mine, I'm certain.  
That sudden thrill I feel again,  
That never could be told or written,  
Whene'er I see or touch, as then,  
Her downy little mitten.

Some memories those mittens hold,  
And secrets, might one coax confession.  
Ah, dearer than a gage of gold  
I'd count of one to gain possession.  
Yet ask her I shall never dare,  
Nor tell her how my heart is smitten,  
For fear, in answer to my prayer,  
She might give me the mitten.

HENRY TYRRELL.